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MILLENNIUM EVE.

LONDON:
GEORGE WOODFALL AND SON,
ANGEL COURT, SKINNER STREET,

H. Eglen Sculp.

MILLENNIUM EVE:

A POEM,

BEGUN AT FLORENCE, IN SEPT. 1841.

BOOK XII. LINE 889.

BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA

LONDON:
THOMAS CADELL, STRAND.

1843.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK I.

THE INVESTMENT.

1.

Let others tell me, I am poor;
Of heavenly qualities
Have none, to bear an interest:
But One whose wisdom I adore,
And friendship value more
Than all their reveries,
[a] Bids me invest.
I put my savings in his store
Of grace; draw when I please,
More trusted as I draw the more,
And bless'd.

2.

Look at him, Father,
Look at thy Son:
Think of him, Father;
Think of him again:
Ah! well may they say,
What things hath God done!
Great things hath he done for me.
And what do I profess?
To load the Son with righteousness
Through thy ability:
Who doing therewith his pleasure,
Will add it to thy treasure
For me.

J. P., 15, Blechynden Terrace, Southampton; Nov. 14, 1842.

[a] Matt. vi. 19.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

ARGUMENT.

MATTER: an improved state of society by the mediation and direction of our Lord Christ, with the ministry of angels and men, and against the opposition of Samael, or the man of sin, and his adherents both spiritual and incarnate—under the notion of an holy war. PERSONS: the chiefs and helpers on either side hereafter designated. THE TIME—is anticipated by some years. THE SCENES—are both celestial and terrestrial; the latter varying in the East, and chiefly toward Jerusalem.

BOOK I.

SAMAEL.

NOT Abraham, Job, Isaiah, Paul and John
Have seen through glass *unseeingly* alone;
Nor other some have drown'd their mortal sight
In streams of glory stilling from the light
That shines by night, by night ne'er apprehended,
And shone ere planet was to star appended,
Or star in its own *nullibi* suspended:
This all degrees, with Abraham's only son,
And Eden's bard; and *almost*, I had done,

Rash youth. So let me sit in thy degree,
Install'd a poet of the Lord with thee;
To sing in "somewhat like prophetic strain"
Of old things pass'd, and new things to remain
Referred on either side to God and man;
To One who ne'er knew evil, nor beginning;
And one begun in good, but lost in sinning,
While he was bless'd by Heaven to th' extent
Of all that's natural and innocent,
And training to fulfil the first Commandment;
But that the evil being had design'd
And taught fulfilment of another kind:
Whereby, degraded, sunk, and mortified
Beyond conception, man had surely died,
Without the succour and encouragement
That bore him up, and did his fate prevent
So far as to his dissolution went;
But left him dying still in quality;
Dying for ever, if he ne'er should die:
Till One o'er death a victory achieve;
That man might die no more, but ever live
Redeem'd from devil's bond and dying torment,
To light and life by a new covenant.
Of matters passing in a single sphere;
As hell, or earth, or heav'n, song might appear

More quaint and clear, more smooth to apprehension,
Than between two; which rack and rend th' attention;
Yet I now sing of three; heaven, earth, and hell,
Conjunctively; with which I know full well
My own capacity does ill accord:
Be thou then my capacity, O Lord;
Who fillest all with thy great Name and Word!
I not invoke the aid of heathen Muses,
Whose specious talents oft to grosser uses
Are shamefully applied; but by thine aid,—
Elijah's spirit, and the Song of David,
With scroll and reed now writing peaceably,
Evoke to Melon-Harem by the sea:
As oft I do thy gracious providence
In straits by sea and land with confidence.
Except thou would'st the sweetness of thy John
Transfuse, and light from his prophetic song;
That I may please thee more as I go on
With mine, and feel thy blessing thereupon.
To me the spirit of that writer give;
Who ne'er can die while lit'rature shall live;
And who undying sure is to remain,
At least in spirit, till thou come again.
And let the business of my song commence
With some allusion to its instruments;

Being such as these. And first the chief, our Lord;
Who wrought in all by his almighty Word
The deeds of worth that all have truly done,
As now by the king priest, his Amumon;
With gifts like these, which bless us from above;
Immortal truth, and power, and light, and love.
Not as sev'n churches, nor as seven men,
Champions of Christendom; but One in them,
[a] Thereby producing gifts on gifts again,
The most delightful issue upon earth;
Kindheartedness, and joy, and harmless mirth;
With honour, loyalty, truth, equity,
Politeness, order, due formality,
And more of th' appetitive quality;
Also of the aversive two or three,—
As courage, fortitude, humility:
Which to adorn with justice would require
Another verse than this, and quicker fire;
A verse adapted to the harp and lyre;
Like David's, with the spirit of his choir:
While satire waited on th' opposing train,
Or these mistaken, in a graver strain;
To shew the seriousness of gifts abused;
Or gratulation for the same well used,

[a] Matt. xiii. 12.

Were it in some fair counter-revolution;
And that's our case, an old case new begun:
[a]Of evil growing to its worst, and fill'd
With greater evil, only to be kill'd.
An Hydra gross, like hog in pen,
Long kept to ripen for the use of men:
Though th' use of evil God alone may ken;
Unless it be for contrast with the good,
To shew, how now it stands, and lately stood.
For lately sacred guardians of the truth
Were seen among corruptors of our youth;
And teachers laugh'd at truth, and thought most clever
Who most did laugh, and was their chief deceiver;
Compelling likewise those of lower station
To bear a part in such dissimulation:
Now elder Christians watch over the rest
As mothers watch o'er infants at the breast.
Then infancy was taught irreverence,
And blasphemy was thought a mark of sense:
Age and high rank were then the but of scorn,
And royal dignity not to be borne;
Nor polished priesthood of another sect
By one that prided in its own neglect
Of manners, decency, and due respect.

[a] 2 Thess. ii. 7.

Now reverencing—first the Deity,
And next from first to last all ranks which he
Has constituted for society,
Is no unusual feeling e'en with those
Who find no reverence, but cares and woes
Enough. Who can to prelates, though not theirs,
Allow sincerity where it appears;
And, shortly, worth to their superiors.
Of late; home policy was mere oppression,
And international, nought but aggression;
An endless grasping by the rich and strong.
Now nought than grasping can be more resisted,
In Christian states, each state by oth'r assisted:
While arm'd persuasion crowns the heathen shore,
And growls a refuge to the weak and poor.
We read of men in youth, and boys in age;
Now men are more like men in ev'ry stage;
Launch'd from the cross, a pivot sure and even,
On which turns all the good 'twixt earth and heaven.
[a] And, as our Lord from heaven descended
To earth and lower, for us again ascended;
So each one for himself is now commended:
Leaving the body of death, that MAN OF SIN,
That representative of every crime,

[a] Eph. iv. 9, 10.

And all its members, messengers of ill,
With all who 're " taken captive at his will,"
And will be ta'en because they like it well.
All this is since the *Vigil* of Millennium
Lately begun; but I know not, how long.
For earthly things in heaven are past and done
Before they reach our earth; as in the sun
This blessed morning's light long since hath shone.
Nor even here consider can we them
In their beginning, but their declaration.
So of the perfect tide, or perfect day
Men talk without considering how they
Or come, or go; and as these silent flow,
So actions, changes, revolutions grow.
Therefore, if any explanation ask,
Why in a contest purely spiritual
The Lord avails himself of weapons temporal?
I say, as happ'ning in a temp'ral state;
Where all that solid *seems* does but relate
To that which *is* in manner of a vision:
Truth is above; on earth its skeleton.
There all that 's real does happen; here below
All is mere acting, imitation, show:
Unworthy copies, these; as people know,
Although they make confusion, riot, racket;
With fields of slaughter; cities ta'en and sacked:

Like lightning gender'd by the heavenly fire;
Which glides about the earth, but kindles higher.
But I 'm to speak of times yet for to come;
And not of passing times, then pass'd and gone.
How from improvement opposition grows;
And merit only serves t' incense our foes.
The man of sin is troubled on his bed,
Writhes his tall limbs, and lifts his evil head.
This is no common rising, sure, he said:
This—no still clamour, nor unheeded cry
Of single foe to my authority:
It is the sound of hosts that 's gone abroad;
Of hosts of kings, and martyrs to their God.
The potent charm 's dissolved, the spell is broke
By which all kings were subject to my yoke:
So is the doctrine, that an evil man
Might make a righteous king. This lie began
With me; the doctrine 's mine; and well I wot,
No little empire by the same I got.
But now I scent a turning in the tide
Of public favour no more on my side;
To sink the royal dignity by scorn
Fanatic, and just awe to licence turn.
Subordination and its train begins
No more with us, but with the King of Kings:

Who comes revealed in awful majesty
This time, as late in virtuous poverty;
And comes not now, to rule by mere opinion;
But rule the nations with a rod of iron,
Invincible. Yet thwart him while I can
I will: I have some power still with man;
Whether his outward actions to control,
Or lift within—the billows of his soul.
  Here life-perverters, fondness and suspicion,
Ungoverned lust, hypocrisy, ambition,
Mark your advantage over charity,
And faith; and, what I hate, tranquillity.
Give room enough for trouble and deception,
And loving most where 't has the worst reception.
Dear troubling spirits, work you well within:
Without—as bad your baleful work begin.
Unfurl our flag; let all our forces meet,
And ev'ry mean be used, their numbers to complete.
Let those pretended guardians of the truth,
False priests, who serve so well in pois'ning youth,
Let either sex of every condition
Or do their best or worst, to aid corruption.
And call out Lucifer, my darling son,
For ever foremost in strife and contention.
A brevet likewise instantly make out,
Including tools of either sex, throughout

Our Demonarchy: regiments for promotion
At least, you'll raise; and churches for devotion
Less than for Jezebels, or female bishops.
Aye, let them rule: they will not fail my hopes.
For well they know the myst'ry of misrule
* From Eve transmitted, and to make a fool
Of One it were their duty to obey.
But rule 's their mania; and what will not they,
To gain this point, or sacrifice or pay?
  Your way lies straight before you; object, clear;
Means, all but certain. When there shall appear
A reckless fool ripe for your work, the rear
May take him; but a weightier character,
Whether in maid or mistress, boy or man,
Will take some courting; and when they are won,
Make your best soldiers, tutors, emissaries.
Mind piety, and other necessaries;
As liberal'ty, and beneficence;
To free the working slave, and teach young infants:
But not alone to teach; let mortals all
By seeming to learn somewhat, learn to fall;
Each by his elder constantly seduced:
Chief means—APPEARANCE, ne'er to be excused.
Or, if you meet, and that you may perchance,
With stubborn worth, and wit that will not dance

* Par. Lost, xi. 515.

To pipe of Folly, nor turn hypocrite,
Nor yet be pleased to sin a little bit;
Tempt him with politics, or speculation,
To make a rail-road, or to rule a nation;
That he may get secured in cachot, or in prison.
But leave not one unbound; your work complete:
For one unbound in sin will all defeat,
When the great day of reckoning shall arrive:
Which to prevent, I toil, corrupt, contrive;
Seeing the pangs that me and all await,
If we but miss that day.
(Ah, wretched fate!
And must I rue my own avidity;
Which leaves behind such stubborn foes for me
As are in Noah, Job, and Daniel,
Abram, Melchizedek, and Samuel?
Or, what 's the same, some stubborn book behind;
To bear the pattern of a righteous mind,
A sampl' of piety and manly sense;
Like Job's for one, [a] that pet of Providence?
But what of Job, when either Testament
Stands in the way my working to prevent?
It was better with me when I had no court
For ornament, for mischief or for sport

[a] Job, i. 9, &c.

As in the time of that same stubborn Job:
When without home, or any fix'd abode,
[a] I waited envious near the sons of God:
But, thinking still to gain by new revolt
A palace; this I gained, this wretched hold!
Just like my dupes above; who carelessly begin
Their proud career, then adding sin to sin
With compound guilt at every stage, in hell
That which at first was almost venial
Must needs abide with me or expiate,
If so they are allow'd in torments great.
For, as I by revolt in place descend,
So greater torments still my bosom rend.
From heav'n to earth! that was a mighty fall:
Then comes again this change to outer hell.
And now I hear, that [b] Tophet is prepared
For me, with other great ones to be shared.
Ah, fatal book! could I but drive it hence:—
And then, as if the care of Providence
Was not enough to cover that defence,
Yon meddling fool of mine, Hypocrisy,
Must needs strike hands with Infidelity;
And go to work, by printing and translation,
To raise new outworks: stupid combination!

[a] Job, i. 6. [b] Isaiah, xxx. 33.

How am I counteracted by my own!
Too true it is, that God rules every one:
And not by thunder only, but by word.
His word rules all, as I rule by the sword.
Ah wretched empire, and precarious;
Ever changing, self-destroying, various;
Earn'd hardly, kept hardly, more brittle than glass.
The fool must preach too! plague upon his preaching;
Where ill they dare not teach without good teaching!)
Hear! mind two things; the pulpit and the press:
Which Providence set up; but I'd th' address
To win soon after by my emissaries,
With SPIRITUAL WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES,
And now maintain by MERE FORMALITY:
As, if they're ta'en again; sincerity
Will be my overthrow, prosperity
Will gladden every quarter of the earth,
With peace, and plenty, joy, and harmless mirth:
For now I fill the earth with gloom and evil;
'Tis sad throughout, [a] and wicked as the devil.
Oh let not these two forts be e'er regain'd,
Let them be *kept*, however they're *maintain'd*.

[a] 1 John, v. 19.

In my domain, too, some have no more wit,
Than to disrobe the temples where I sit:
Let them be readorn'd, that I may shew
As God. But no more preaching I allow;
Not e'en of those who aim at milk and water,
Lest they should bruit by chance more serious matter.
The press too; be that still'd, or set aside;
[a] For by this or by that, 'tis prophesied
My empire upon earth shall be destroy'd.
And clear it is, how this the two divide:
The learned think nought of my pulpit pleaders,
The poor in spirit are but little readers;
So from the pulpit those I can't address,
Nor these bewilder with my learned press:
All I can say now is, they are quite harmless:
But chief the last would seem my rival's care
In ev'ry case of tutelage: for where
He sends his spirit; there—his providence
Is ever present, running in advance.
Else what sedition, slander, blasphemy,
Profaneness, lying, nonsense, ribaldry,
I 'd spread,—among the poor especially,
Were I sole chief and soul, to animate

[a] 2 Thess. ii. 8.—Rev. ii. 16; xix. 15. 21.

The pulpit! And I believe a pretty mess
I 'd make, had I full ord'ring of the press!
My printing should be as material
In meaning as in form; mere matter, all;
Even on subjects the most spiritual,
When not more lying, or ephemeral.
And if it only rested with the trade,
That I could do; so well we are agreed.
But then we further want the people's aid,
To keep it up, and thrive; subscribers need:
And they want spirit; they will not be led,
[a] To spend their money for what is not bread;
For mere illusions, humbug, trumpery;
And no rare spirit will be hired by me.
My influence therefore on the other side
I choose to throw, requiring none to read
As in old fashion'd controversial days;
When some believ'd, some wrote, and some what these
Had written thought perhaps worth while to buy
Or for the head, or for the library:
But now I hope, this interest is o'er.
Starv'd be the press, and preaching be no more!
Down, down with press and pulpit! let them starve:
For long my ends I know they will not serve:

[a] Isaiah, lv. 2.

They are too much like consecrated ground;
Which may be weeded, but will not be bound
By hedge, or ditch, or aught that I can find
To keep them for my use and end design'd.
  See what the middle-aged divines are at:
And let them more themselves insinuate
With young girls, and the best intention'd, who
Might marry else, and good example shew;
That they may folly learn, transgress and go
To purgatory, or to hell below.
So let them mind each other; as before,
'Tis said; if now they do not so mind more.
No Melon-Harems suffer for restraint
On such; but house for each: let friends maintain it.
  Mind too the prisons, hospitals, asylums;
Which I regard as excellent inventions,
When thoroughly perverted to my use,—
For vanity in patrons, for abuse
Of trust in officers, councils, directors;
For cozenage in guardians and protectors;
For vice and infamy in the protected;
For guilt and violence in the directed;
For shame and misery in the neglected:
For tut'ring those who serve me willingly,
And those maintaining who will not serve any;

For bending subjects to my tyranny
Who will not bend themselves, but stubbornly
Adhere to what they call a sense of duty.
  This as the serpent to his men address'd
The wretched dotards throng'd around and press'd.
A voice behind the curtain cried, Repent!
Yet they, so frantic, heard it not; but lent
All their attention to the man of sin,
With many a roar, and many a rueful grin.
  [a] God sends his voice, a mighty voice he sends:
Before it flames divide, the lofty cedar bends
In Kades; ravines open, and the hinds
Are seen in parturition: but such minds
As sinners bear below a voice to rend
Hell-flames and cavèrns may but hardly bend:
And then it is the trembling and retired;
Not daring souls with mad ambition fired,
Like those now sped to earth from hell below;
All writhing still, and raving as they go.
  My chance without a struggle is not lost;
(The man of sin continues) cost what 't will cost.
Fight well, ye fiends; be brave, infernal host!
  And thus, his court dismiss'd, th' infernal king,
Of devils primate, charges those within,

[a] Ps. lxviii. 33; xxix. 4, &c.

No more to trouble him before the time
Of his revealing, and of every crime
By him advis'd; then gives one dismal groan;
Surveys his dreary hold, and lays him down;—
But not to rest. No denizens of hell
Have rest; nor pensioners on earth that dwell:
It is, to toss, to groan, to rave, to roar,
By partial peers begirt, and many more
Who would enjoy his sufferings, if their own
Permitted such abstraction. Yet alone
To suffer, seems to him like suff'ring double:
He sends his chief adviser spiritual,
[a] The great false prophet, I may say, to call.
And let that river now be dried, says he;
Euphrates, 'twixt us and the enemy:
While there shall issue unclean spirits three
Out of the mouths of Mammon, him, and me,
In form of frogs at first; to go between
Kings of the earth, and all the world, unseen
Their efforts, to divide, and them entice
With miracles and many a fond device
Unto that ancient boundary of states; which past,
There comes the trial of strength, on earth our last.
On earth I triumph or am ever cast.

[a] Rev. xvi. 12, &c.

For this cause am I now THE MAN OF SIN;
The evil spirit naturally being,
And root of each; of evil men, and spirits.
Of my oppressor's cause likewise the merits
Will on the face of earth be soon decided,
And his from mine eternally divided;
His earth-born children join his heavenly Son,
My earth-born imps I lead to hell in person,
Should this great question chance to go against us.
Such is our cause, its int'rest so momentous.
Say that such triumph I cannot retain;
Yet this delicious purpose I may gain,
Of dragging many wretches from above,
To burn with me, and spite the God of love:
While Fate must rule; on Fate our prospects hinge,
Be Fate for us, our freedom, and revenge!

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK II.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK II.

AMUMON.

Now[a] love grows cold, iniquity abounds;
Some war distracts, its rumour some confounds.
For such is the ubiquity of sin,
Too soon establish'd where it can begin;
Slothful in habit, yet in operation,
Alas! too active when applied, like poison,
By other means, and specially by pride.
Thus sin comes on; while on the other side
Virtue takes words; and thus by her Amumon
Exhorts his splendid host to arms and union:—
  Brethren in arms, children in care and duty,
In all relations, men; my crown, my beauty;
Behold the long expected day at last!
A day of retribution for the past:

[a] Matt. xxiv. 12.

A day in which I trust it may be said,
[a]A rent has fall'n upon the rending head.
Sin is your rival, discord his ally:
Attack them both at once, and lustily;
Stand by each other, and on God rely.
For born, as all are, subj'cts to sin; one brother,
How dares he fondly measure faults with other:
To say, my lonely fault ends where't begins,
No partner I, in other people's sins;
Thine gathering as it goes, by combination,
Soon stamps its odious figure on a nation;
Infecting its own kind; no kind of God,
But children of the devil, shoots of his word:
Which all dissolves by unions into anarchy,
By twos into unpitying poliorchy;
Then spreading wide with many a sore and pang,
Runs to *a curing curse*, as once in Jordan's plain.
So any ill report of fault like mine
Is praise almost, to fame of fault like thine:
'Tis fact, not figure, forms th' amount of crime;
Its cast,—no voice of man, but voice divine.
We know that[b] "all unrighteousness is sin,"
However named, howe'er it may begin.
And loneliest faults are not always the least,
If well defined; which lurking in the breast,

[a] Ps. vii. 17. [b] 1 John v. 17.

Only expect an opportunity,
To stain the man with guilt of deepest dye.
Let man name brutes: 't is God alone can name
The rank and quality of every man;
Dividing 'twixt the crime and aggravation—
Of wilful purpose, art, and system,
And perseverance in iniquity;
But chief—seduction and debauchery
Of others, to ensure their misery:
Having determin'd, if they can to leave
No soul untainted, not a soul to save;
That sunk by them to an equality,
All others might be damn'd as well as they;
Or else that Heav'n might be obliged perforce,
For lack of subjects, to release its curse;
While [a]God from very stones, if he saw fit,
Could raise up seed of Abraham, to sit
In heavenly places for the seed condemn'd.
[b]But if a man will ponder, and amend
His ways in th' midst before they get confirm'd,
As well he may; of sacrifice perform'd,
And ransom paid by other, he shall reap
Alike with those whom God is pleas'd to keep
More blameless; as more blameless there may be,
And many more there should than we can see.

[a] Matt. iii. 9. [b] Ezek. xviii. 27. Luke xv. 11, &c.

For all the force God ever made and gave
To mortal was no more than he might have
Enjoy'd in dignity and innocence,
By grace now gain'd, with ev'ry grateful sense;
Each nor accusing, nor excusing—other,
But its support and counterpart, its brother;
Had man's own will but wrought with his defence,
Free from all self-deception and pretence;
And that is more than we can arrogate,
In its extent at least, without debate.
So, brethren, let 's forbear this foul distinction,
Engag'd, as all are, to one cause and champion;
He, God in Christ; the cause, our own redemption;
Which erst in opposition seemed to linger;
But gallops now, and can be hid no longer.
Who is our champion, but the God of hosts?
And one who owns his lead, his favour boasts,
Must not be like a poltroon or a coward;
Though he might have a truly Christian heart.
For Christians have an heart professional,
As well as that which should be general.
The gen'ral heart of Christians ought to be
Virtue itself, honour, sincerity,
A single purpose, great humility;
The Christian soldier's, courage, sense of duty,
Friendship, forbearance, caution, clemency:

If of such matters he compound his practice,
He will not often fail, nor do amiss;
Not certainly, if, through his several stations,
He take with him these few considerations;
That men should never fight *with* men but *for*,—
With evil principles maintain'd in them,
As 't were within a fort or garrison;
Which therefore must be batter'd and beat down,
Or scaled and taken, or watch'd and blockaded,
As needs may be. [a]Orders to be obeyed
[a]Which through the powers below descend from God.
[b]No man to trust, or in his sword, or bow;
But in the Lord of Hosts whose might we know.
To fighters fight, to yielders mercy, shew:
And mind our brother soldiers in distress
As if they were a solid part of us.
Think now of God in Christ, to flesh your weapon:
E'en now the battle's joined, the fight's begun.
Strictures like these to men for battle primed
Some few years since might not have been well timed:
Since then we've learned to look before we leap,
And not to hold our lives so wondrous cheap,
As if there was no *after-tale* intended;
No threat to parry, no fault to be 'mended.

[a] Rom. xiii. [b] Ps. xliv. 7.

The wiles of Satan have been since detected;
His lures are flat, his minions all suspected;
The myst'ry of iniquity smells old,
The wicked secret has been fairly told;
The tree of knowledge is no longer hid,
With fruits all shrivell'd, lonely leaves all shed:
The world looks simple, now its sin is known;
The sin of Babel, Sodom, Babylon:
Panders and priests of Baal, then so high crested,
Are now crestfall'n and gen'rally detested;
As erst the graphic art for pandering ill paid,
To wicked sinners, any one who listed,
So he were one of them, a worthy peer;
No real reformer, advocate sincere
Of the world's weal; who 'd sooner die than yield
To their device, or cringe, or quit the field.
The press redeem'd had wrought a change: and then
It was well to address soldiers like men
Of intellect—with reason at the onslaught;
And not like fools, who never can be taught.
So to the charge they rush with mind and mettle;
Eyes fix'd, hands fast, tread firm, and heart for battle.
Who can the swift vicissitudes recount
Of one day's conflict, or the dire amount
Of human sacrifice and bitter woes
But now begun, to end where no one knows?

Not I, a peaceful priest: suffice, to say,
The righteous cause has gain'd the victory:
The wicked have no more—or choice or chance,
Save flight before the greedy sword and lance.
But in such scenes sometimes great thoughts arise
From adverse fate: so Lucifer now flies
Upon th' exulting foe, or to regain
Th' advantage lost, or perish on the plain,
Justly resolv'd; as authors of foul strife
Should aye abide the issue with their life.
Amumon 'tis he seeks, ne'er hard to find
In front of battl', and soon these two are join'd
In equal fight, with equal hate and blows;
Which ne'er declines, but rages, grows and glows.
Full long and arduous is their signal strife:
Fighting for duty one, and one for life;
In which full many a blow had roy'l Amumon:
Who, if he died not, like the only Son
Of God, as any one was free to die,
Had God so pleas'd to crown his victory.
[a] Right dear to God is the death of his saints;
But oft'ner 'tis their services he wants:
And here's a chief must not be over past
As long as strife, or pride, its food, shall last;

[a] Ps. cxvi. 13.

Nor is till, tall as seraph's, the blue blade
Of Amumon stands quiv'ring o'er his head:
But not in mercy, nor deliberation;
'Tis for sweet cut, and sweeter satisfaction,
Of paying home a traitor with his host
For mercy slighted, and occasion lost
Of a return by gen'rous composition.
So may we see at board some dainty one,
With knife and fork on end before his ven'son.
"Oh, mercy!" he cried. "Think I was once as thou
A faithful servant of the Lord art now;
And ne'er on purpose left my first estate:
I left my watch but once, to view a treat.
A brighter star than Lucifer, the same
Might well have done: then, where the room for blame?
Think, that in serving thine own God above,
E'en service would be treason without love.
Pity thy fellow; to mercy, Lord, incline.
Hast thou no bowels, no sympathy with thine?"
If priests have bowels, have they not also bone?
Think[a] how priest Samuel once did with his man;
For so with his had now done Amumon,

[a] 1 Sam. xv. 33.

Though late he thought, the bitterness of death is pass'd,
[a]The prophets being stoned, the heir outcast;
And as for bowels, what bowels could he have
To bind and blind those who offence ne'er gave?
So darkness and chains are now prepared for thee,
Vile author of their darkness, deafness, misery,—
Had pity, oft the weakness of great minds,
Not interposed, as with joy he finds.
The blade that lately quiver'd for his breast
Crosses the victor's sleeve to 'ts place of rest.
" There caitiff, humbled if thou canst be, go;
And, if thou dar'st, another time
Show thou the same contempt for some of mine."
Some would have ta'en *his* sword, and sent to prison
A foe like that; some would have thought of ransom:
But neither thought worth while good old Amumon.
Having disarm'd the chief, he still'd his men;
And now all mind the wounded and the slain.
Another word too of that same Amumon;
His office, character, and operation.
He was an honest priest, and independent king;
Reigning by God, and oft to him accounting

[a] Matt. xxi. 38.

For either part, of either part the fountain;
And by God's help with all his might promoting
The cause of each, of order and the nation,—
In ordering the orders of religion;
A necessary part, and sometimes done
By kings of Judah and Jerusalem:
As for example, [a]once by that great captain,
The son of Nimshi, with the son of Rechab,
To rectify the mischief done by Ahab
In God's inheritance then torn to pieces.
So did Josiah rectify the images:
But that was not to rectify their priests;
And through the same no little plague had he
In ordering religion's enemy:
And not of plague, but sometimes, danger
With theologic hate, and holy anger
In his high posts, the priesthood and the throne,
By him regarded constantly in one;
Who watch'd for both more like a sentinel,
A patron, father, or good angel,
Than one who thought them sent but for his weal,
Further than giving opportunity,
To serve himself in minding this his duty.
That he should come so biass'd to the throne,
Was natural, as bound to God alone;

[a] 2 Kings, x. 24.

Whereas mankind are bound in general
To Baal alone, or else to God and Baal.
His fate on earth we shall hereafter see;
But before this he had, like Romaneh,
A potent chieftain of the family,
Nigh perished by Satanic treachery,
And might himself have said as well as he
With David, [a]princes sat and spake against me.
But he had chamber walls neatly contriv'd
For flight; so he escaped that time and liv'd.
Never was king more slander'd and traduced
Than that same Romaneh, or worse abus'd.
A merry disposition, but not mad;
As men gave out; courage and strength he had
In eminent degree: integrity
Of heart he had, with no mean share of policy:
And Providence his public measures bless'd; yet he
In private had no guard but sense of duty:
Which, certain as it is to find reward,
Will not suffice in cases so untoward.
No prince can thrive, howe'er in duty bold,
Without good ministers, and a good household;
With able ministers, and prudent wife,
A monarch may be blind, yet shine through life;
These wanting he may see, and yet not thrive.

[a] Ps. cxix. 23. 161.

This was the case of hon'rable Amumon:
Married at forty, widow'r at seventy-one;
When he was rather sad of disposition;
Not from moroseness, but from this affliction
Partly, and more from other source of sadness;
To wit, in others' universal madness,
Or what the Scripture means by [a]moral dimness;
Causing throughout the world extreme dejection,
And in king-priests like him too by reflection.
For how can a king-priest quite happy be
With all the world around in misery?
He bless'd was in a daughter, and a son;
Of his no more contracting, perhaps, the reason:
His subjects brave and docile; government
In church and state well framed for content:
And with kind Providence all might well answer;
But that could not be had for horrid canker
More suited to provoke its fiercest anger.
Oh! what shall they abide who do their worst,
To keep it up! Ye wretched and accurs'd,
Your time is come; or I am a false prophet:
Your time is come; though you think little of it.
You may persuade yourselves there 's nothing real:
But search yourselves within; how do you feel?

[a] Isai. ix. 1.

You felt the same before my word was known;
And will much worse, perhaps, when I am gone.
But to my story of the lone Amumon;
Who makes so great a show in this narration.
If, as a public ruler, his first care
Was public faults, his own too had their share
Of reprobation, on the esplanade,
Or in the closet when more bent to read.
Then dull the brightest scenes in nature grew,
And page design'd his spirits to renew:
Nought would content, but reconsideration
Of his past life in every relation.
I have been proud enough and passionate,
He thought: sometimes too vain of my estate
And trifles, when I had a modest wife,
With as good title to be vain for life.
But mine was vanity of vanities;
Of things in which no worth nor profit is:
Of horses', dogs', subjects' and friends' performance,
As of my own; with praise, and other nonsense.
More reason had I to be truly vain
Of that good spirit, which could me reclaim
To sober thought!—May I ne'er boast again
Of any treasure had, except of Him!
By this I judge, my end is drawing near.
Oh heav'nly angels, who serve Him and fear,

And that chief spirit, my oraisons bear
To God, and for his coming me prepare!
Oh heav'nly Fountain of all truth and wisdom,
Let not one faulty deed that I have done
Lie unrepented in my recollection;
Nor suffer those which have been long forgotten,
To choke the way of thy grace and salvation!
  Then suddenly comes one, to call him down.
The parasites are at their work again!
They force the gates; they have the people slain,
Save recreants: no staunch ones now remain.
Let Amumon this instant fly, or they
Will be too quick: fly; fly; his Majesty!
  Then hammer'd he a drawing on the wall;
Which, gaping, took him; and deceiv'd them all.
Some deem sobriety and graceful mien
Irreconcileable; but never seen
Was one more Christian like and gentleman.
So all Amumon's noble peers and clergy
Are not like those which him enforced to fly:
All do not hate him; some can even pity
A king believing his assumed profession
Giving allowance for such prepossession.
These men would gladly make a composition:
Let them but gratify their ruling passion;
The nation might be damn'd, and monarch go to heav'n.

But these are men of small experience:
Who have not ponder'd yet the inconvenience
Of neighbours such as those they would consign
To such a dismal state, or any but divine.
The leading partners in that horrid treason
Were not unthinking, inexperienc'd men;—
But old and haughty villains, friends of Satan;
Who could not tolerate the King of heaven.
Heav'n only knows, what actual partisans
It had opposed to these in these dominions:
But neutr'ls enough of diff'rent sorts I guess;
And some too, *simpl'* enough in any case;
With some perhaps seeming a little wiser,—
Yet simple enough, wanting the right adviser:
As first, most simple who consider most
Their own convenience, housekeeping and cost:
How animals are ruined, jewels lost
By servants without feeling and dishonest;
Both which such sort of persons always are.
Some without house or housekeeping appear
More to regret the losses of poor men;
Perhaps too of their wives, their friends, and children,
In comfort, character, and principle:
To see men of a rare material
Live so unworthily, and look so dismal;
As here where passions reign without control,

And persons of all ages have no notion
Of checking but *concealing* what is done
Against the voice of reason and religion,
By ways which must infallibly entail
A gen'ral ruin, if made general:
Catastrophe which nothing does prevent
But God's provision of a righteous remnant.
From men like these fain would Amumon cull,
But cannot as they are invisible;
So takes his chosen men, as he is able;—
From the most moral, most of his adherents,
And stoutest next,—to match the miscreants,
Who would on him hell's covenant impose:
Depending on the goodness of his cause
In this both moral and religious war;
And choosing rather what he may to suffer,
Than such an hellish tyranny endure.
  Now let me to the business return
Which late I left, to charact'rize Amumon.
For Pride still lives, the parent of contention;
And so the war proceeds as thus begun.
Or slack'ning now upon a day of slaughter,
And swelling now with fresh supply of matter
For th' field. And when that 's saturate with death
Of councils, and of interviews beneath,
More fraught with wretched interest than worth,
There are still passing in the heart of earth:

[a] From which, to feed the heart of guilty man,
Proceed malignity, adult'ry, treason,
Theft, murder, blasphemy, lies, fornication;
Though he would look sometimes extremely dainty,
When he has bread at hand, and water plenty;
If when he has not over much of either,
To be clean, than to look clean he would rather.

[a] Matt. xv. 19.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK III.

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THE IRON CROWN.

Of evils named, to give a specimen,
Fair opportunity occurs for one,
As I describe a central interview
Of those high persons just alluded to;
That is, of Satan and his fav'rite chaplain,
Chaplain to Satan, or the man of sin,
Chaplain whom Scripture with the title graces
Of [a] "spirituäl wick'dness in high places;"
To intimate the leaders of a class
Highly ordain'd, but so ordain'd, alas!
For ill as well as good; or, [b] "the false prophet;"
[c] "Abaddon;" [c] "angel of the bottomless pit:"
But *sinecurist* commonly we call
The class; all bad, and this sort worst of all.
As idlest, highest, and most spiritual:

[a] Eph. vi. 12. [b] Rev. xvi. 13. [c] Rev. ix. 11.

One still enough in ev'ry useful part;
In ev'ry mischievous, just as alert.
Yet here's a smooth-faced one, as one shall see;
Not over stern, nor sporting dignity,
Though there was somewhat bitter in his eye.
I told before th' occasion of their meeting;
Which was without much compliment or greeting.
They meet, and after an exchange of grins,
Their hellish conversation thus begins.

SIN. Hail, dread sovereign, majesty ador'd
Beyond the reach of day, of darkness lord;
Behold a creature present at thy word,
Whate'er thou list to do, or understand—
Resolv'd: say, what wouldst thou have done? Command:
Be it to lull the conscience, and advise
Some foul offence, some vile emprise
In secret, or some open persecution
By kings or petty tyrants carrying on.
The chiefs I mind in person, and the medley,
By depute skilful, or sub-deputy.
For chaplains three I have, and each his own;
As thou hast three, dread sire, and I am one.
And one, he said, thou art in quantity;
Not number only, chief of all the three:

As if thou make thy part a sinecure,
'Tis in good only, to my part the truer.
Thou owest not to stillness thy promotion,
But to activity in ill, my son,
My other Lucifer; much more to me,
Than all the rest of thy fraternity
Fall'n to this depth of woe, like he and we:
More than catholicism and heresy,
That wrangling pair; more than hypocrisy;
Than schism and all, save—mere formality;
My last invention, and of my renown
Chief instrument, that takes with every one.
I always thought formality thy pride,
Oh, man of sin, his reverence replied:
Sweet nursling, with his coat of many colours!
But who most spreads thy worship, who most follow'rs
Thee brings among the great; popes, conqu'rors, kings;
Who makes most mischief, most confounds and stings,
The sinecurist, or formality?
I grant he makes men careless what they say,
And smooths thy worship thus to all professions:
But who assures thee them, and their possessions?
'Tis I who place them all at thy devotion;

All gain'd, if not by efforts of my own,
At least by agents skilful in corruption;
As chosen from the ablest, and the worst
Of all thy worshippers; let me be curs'd
Much deeper than I am, if ever I
Did chaplain choose for good intentionally.
I may choose one by chance or by mistake;
But soon him silenc'd, or led to the stake,
And burn'd to death for his effrontery
In daring to expose thy mystery,
And cross thy minion Mere Formality.
For so far in thy service we agree:
But still be just, and preference yield to me.
We'll hear him first: call Mere Formality:
He 's my tall fence, pale of my pow'r; which few
On earth have e'er surmounted or broke through,
E'en of the wisest and most virtuous.
There may be aids, like thee, more mischievous;
But he, my gentle friend's the aid for use
With his great talent for conciliation,
To win a wise one, or possess a nation;
The fondest purposes to make believe,
And his employers pleasantly deceive.
Oh, were it not for mere formality,
Men might be all that they would seem to be:
No self-deception then; no chance for me!

Or let them once formality alone
Surmount, and mingle practice with profession,
There is an end of me; I'm lost, undone!
But, to acquit my sentence of suspicion,
Should it be given for a darling son,
Some other fifty, or more spirits call;
And let the same be fairly judged of all.
  Call me here lying, slander, ridicule,
Foolhardiness, and hardness for a fool:
Which men call stubbornness; not such endurance
As rests with our opponents. Call assurance,
To bear him up, the fool—against example;
Foolish indulgence; with the more criminal
Whether home bred, or basely bred at school.
Call me here flattery, fashion, foppery:
Call inconsideration, vanity;
The man of passion, if not much enrag'd,
And idleness, if not too much engag'd.
Call too my finest pattern of idolatry;
SELF-worship, and more of the family;
Self-deception, self-pollution, self-applause:
And, as conjoined in our important cause,
A few of the FALSE fam'ly too by name;
False honour, false shame, false friendship, false fame.
  For the great Lucifer, my other self,
And Captain Parasite, his better half;

They 're always occupied, nor can afford
One of our mornings for the council board;
[a] Which are but minutes to the powers above,
They steal so swiftly, wing'd with joy and love.
Call hither strife, disputing and distress,
With others of the family of Dis:
Dislike, discouragement, discourtesy,
Distemper, disobedience, disloyalty,
Disaster, disagreement, disarray,
Discomfiture, disorder, and dismay,
Disingenuity, dissimulation,
Disparagement, dishonesty, distortion,
Distrust, discredit, and disunion,
Disrelish, disappointment, and distraction;
Disgust, distaste, disturbance, dissipation,
Disfavour, dissenting, discord, disaffection;
With disbelief, disgrace, and dissolution.
(All these, which in the modelling of tongues
Were branded thus, to shew where each belongs
In hell, the region of antitheses,
Of all that can my rival suit, or please:
Which now are spirits, or mere entities;
But were attach'd in small communities
As seraphim, or idol-deities:

[a] 2 Pet. iii. 8.

Idols of the Egyptians, Amorites,
Philistines, Syrians, Tyrians, Ammonites;
Idols of Hamath, Ivah, Sepharvaim;
Idols of Henah, Babylon, and Cana'n:
Like Ashimah, and Ashimath, Ashtaroth,
Nergal, Niblaz, Tartak, Succoth, Benoth,
Raiphan, Remphan, Chiun, Rimmon,
Osiris, Tekuphah, Gad, Ammon, Mammon;
The patriarch Moloch, or else Milcom, Molech;
With Anam-melek, and Adram-melek:
And more of various name with barb'rous sound;
Of whom no longer one is to be found.
But I, the serpent, Satan, man of sin,
And devil specially, do yet remain,
With all my family, Baalim,
Sprung from the name of Belial, Bel, or Baal,
By declination of the same to plural:
As first, my synonyme, Bel-Dagon, Dragon;
And next, the sounding title, Baal-Tsephon
Watching for victims, like a roaring lion;
Then Baal-Peor, filthy and obscene;
Then Baal-zebub, dung-chief that would mean;
Last Baal-Berith, or one covenanting:
These hither call; let not a man be wanting.
I fear, lest All the world were one to many;
Good for a bad example, yet as any

An ign'rant, overbearing, savage sot.
We should lose more by him than e'er we got:
Who will not be content, to serve the devil;
But must be worshipp'd as his mate or rival.
Let All the world in "outer darkness" wait;
And subjects more complying to our court admit.
Admit that famous ruiner, party-spirit;
As one who can do more by implication,
Than many a one by violence or persuasion;
Who, like a lawyer playing double game,
Can aid two parties, and pluck each the same.
Call lust, and pride, and headstrong liberty;
Call scepticism, infidelity:
The Atheist, not; he is too mad for me,
And insolent; as, if no god, yet I
Have power on earth, and chief authority.
The harden'd thief by no means we admit
Into our camp: I fear his wicked wit,
Lest while he serves our int'rest and promotion,
He hinder more, by making them his own.
No: let him while away the time without;
Or wail it, if he will. The same with doubt
Invariable, constitutional:
Such were a deadly weight upon our council;
And yet no bad ingredient for hell.

But call me first my delicate device,
Depressor, passing no worth to the novice
In any honourable way, if he
May strangle it, and send him straight to me
By mere depression, a preventive service;
Which will no merit own without the vice
So infamous, that binds men to my pow'r
By states in time, and singly every hour.
With ropes nor withs bind they in hell or heav'n;
Nor yet on earth could men so bind a Sampson:
But with the covenant, or mystery
On either side, and actions that agree
Therewith in virtue or iniquity.
And with depressor call his kin; abasher,
Daunter, and impudence, and rule of terror;
Which e'en the brave will frequently admit;
Not through necessity, but strange deceit:
Also that listless spirit, deputation,
A cross between Dame Prudery and Mammon:
Which happen'd thus. Befell one day, that I,
Who nought that is not mischief can enjoy,
And for pure mischief only—breed young spirits,
As thrifty boys sometimes will breed tame rabbits,—
Observed a paviour groaning in the city
At every stroke; yet never a stroke gave he
That did enforce his work. Oh, then, thought I,

Here are two lab'ring objects well agreed!
The rammer makes no work, the man no speed:
A man like that deserves a better coat.
So that I gave him, and good store to boot.
Now learn the birth of noble deputation;
A rare one for distress and ruination.
  Mammon of course, that earthly deity;
With more beside: which, if they shall agree
In my adjudgment of the Iron Crown,
The loser may be satisfied and own
Its justice. This a quarrel to prevent
Between the two, and public discontent
In hell, he added: not that is found there
More of that hellish feeling than is here.
Then, pausing for a thought, he soon rejoin'd,
We may do more. For to my mind
An Iron Crown without authority
Is not like one of gold—
                That I agree
Said th' other; and sent his chaplain Simony,
To call the set here named; which soon appears
Led by the prince, one clever for his years;
But not the graceful person one would think;
Ill pair'd all over with a dreadful squint,
And his strange costume boggled like his limbs,
His ears, his features, legs, arms, fingers, thumbs.

No match was he in form and outward graces
For spiritual wickedness in high places.
Welcome, my son, the darling of my age!
Said Sin, or Lucifer by parentage,
To his young brother of unequal mien.
There is a question risen us two between;
That is between his reverence and myself,
If thou or he may be the wicked'st elf;
Bringing to me most votaries, and the flame
Most living fuel, only dead in sin:
And here's my chaplet ('t was the iron crown)
Which I will give to him who shall have shewn
His title to the same by honour done
To me, shame to my rival, spite to man.
Speak chaplain first: who thus his plea began.
  Then well I wot, as of thy subjects all
Most humble, the dear prize to me must fall,
Said this most rev'rend, overbearing monster;
And thus my right I shew, my title construe.
Without offence to mere formality,
I am more respected in the world than he
Unto this day; though not as once I was
Before that youth divided its applause:
And well thou know'st my credit is applied
Entire in adding followers to thy side;

No part to the Creator's. Also thou know'st
My plan of action, confederacy, host;
And, more than all, the perfect unity
Of views and interests I have with thee;
How for thy sake I am a perfect Mammon,
Another of thy tribe, and like a son.
For thee I hold more than I can enjoy,
And covet more, the more to honour thee.
'Tis thy great wish, to fill Jehovah's throne:
I 've put thee there: no other god I own.
Let me just moot the fortunate contrivance
Framed by myself, thy purpose to advance;
(That's as thou thinkest, thought the man of sin)
How high we carry it, how low begin;
How gradually and insensibly
Our force is fram'd, how firmly bound to thee,
Adored devil! soul of slavery!
[a] My BOND, or system, of iniquity:
Which from its depth we call, a mystery;
[b] "MYST'RY OF INIQUITY;" and farther yet,
To mark its depth, THE WICKED SECRET;
For excellence, WICKED CONSPIRACY:
All *wicked*, though enough, it cannot be.
And for the men who under me and thee

[a] Acts, viii. 23. [b] 2 Thess. ii. 7.

Promote and practise this iniquity,
Bond, myst'ry, secret, or conspiracy,
With evil spirits from the depth of hell;
Who can their numbers, madness, folly, tell?
The wicked sinners, foul conspirators,
With all their wretched dupes and followers!
And who 's the life, I pray you, of their host;
Is 't mere formality? No, that I boast;
That name beyond all other 's due to me,
The same no other suits so well as I,
Their common generator, ruling passion
To make them sinecurists every one.
Thou art, indeed their vital principle:
But then I take and train them from the cradle:
Teach them betimes the rudiments of sin,
Contempt of knowledge, reverence for crime:
Who others teach by mutual instruction,
And fix by shame the produce of seduction.
This too 's my work, my glorious invention,
In idleness begun and carried on.
(Again you are mistaken; thought old Satan)
An idly active spirit, I possess
All ranks; all ranks alike my form caress:
And all this interest I yield to thee;
Claiming therefore the palm of victory.

To whom the man of sin, that MYSTERY,
That WICKED SECRET, BOND, CONSPIRACY,
Is my contrivance, if 't thee please; though thee
I own my chief adviser and alone
A conscious partner in its chief direction:
Those in the next degree taking from thee,
As thou from me, their portion of the mystery.
But as thou keep'st my counsel from the rest,
So I from thee hide somewhat in my breast
Inscrutable, except to God alone;
Who all regards, and sees through every one.
Could I but that one secret keep from Him;
Or any secret; then had I within
A source of pow'r, a fair beginning;
And He could not so freely counteract,
As now, all that I ever undertake
For their annoyance, who will not consent
To be my votaries, nor ever lent
An ear to me, nor to my power bent.
Thou need'st not tell me what I know too well;
How fair I shone at first, how deeply fell;
How rose again, and only to rebel;
How his Messiah thereupon was sent,
My outworks to destroy on his first advent,
A second being still design'd for judgment

Of those who will not own the first; how he
Exulted while on earth, my fall to see
[a]Like lightning from the sky; how we
As yet have hinder'd that catastrophe
By our Baal-Peor bond, or WICKED SECRET.
His friends are false; the lightning falls not yet.
But still 't is hard, to have one's thoughts betrayed
And harder still to have them known unsaid:
How can one cope with one so fortified?
The evil mind in all I rule, inspire;
Make it aught loathe or like, as I desire;
Enlarge it or contract at will, and yet
The good in none can I e'er penetrate.
Hence even men, if they be just and spiritual,
Have their advantage o'er the very Devil.
And here 's the extent of my advantage
O'er spiritual men; I can engage
Their foibles (and all have them) in my favour,
Till one 's call'd in, to strengthen their endeavour
Who first in my despite subdued his own,
And then became a never failing champion
To all who well affect his Father's kingdom:
Therefore the prudent strive to extirpate
By Christ such foibles, or their force abate.

[a] Luke, x. 18.

This Satan said: then spake Formality;
Assuming first an air of modesty,
Though prouder coxcomb was there none than he:
And not, as erst observed for his beauty:
Since nought in fact can e'er be beautiful,
That 's so bedizen'd and unnatural.
But he is known a favourite, and hence
Presumes to boast with seeming diffidence.
Formality must praise himself in hell,
It seems; and yet above they know him well.
I am brought out at ev'ry christening;
And thence my efforts properly begin:
As teaching children first their catechism;
The schoolboy then, while poring o'er his lesson:
I tutor next th' apprentice, ardent lover,
The libertine, the rake, the gay deceiver.
But that is nothing: I teach man and wife;
Though one, to live like two through all their life.
"Do'st not think, thou to do and to believe
"Art bound as thy kind friends assurance give"?
And must not they have some deal of assurance,
To answer for thee only in pretence,
"Yes verily; and by God's help I will"?
What wilt thou child?
In truth I cannot tell.
Is this the way to heaven, or to hell?

So every specious service under heaven
I can from any plea or purpose given
Divert, and it impropriate to my own.
Much chuckling was there in that gloomy court,
[a]In laughter gloomy, and crestfall'n in sport,—
To hear Formality his discipline
Describe, and chiefly from the man of sin.
So he continues,
One and all now listen:
You know how One into the middle world
Was born from heaven, the sin with which 't is troubled
To vanquish by his death, and all have sworn,
To stand by him, and die for such reform,
If needed; which you know how they perform
In secret, with their outward decency:
This secret learn'd they from Formality;
And rather sin, than for their life to die.
I laugh sometimes, to think, how such Baalim
Can boast their shoots young children of Elohim.
So spake hell's prince, the prince of specious mien,
With artful play, and much applause between,
Particularly from the man of sin:

[a] Prov. xiv. 13.

Who then uprose, and thus the court addressed
With partial feeling, not to be suppressed.
You 've heard them both, and needs must deem sufficient
Of two such either for our royal present:
But now the question is, which may be most?
And, though my own, Formality I boast
As such. As such, my son, then take the crown:
Take that, and all its honours for thy own.
Oh! then the rage, the horror, the grimaces
Of spiritu'l wickedness in high places!
Faithless and most unworthy to dispense
Or crown or pow'r, its implied consequence;
'T is thus thou payest those who take thy word:
A greater liar is not to be heard;
[a]A liar by the root, a native liar,
A proper subject for brimstone and fire!—
Or give to me the destined iron crown,
Or look well to the keeping of thy own.
Thou art grown old: thy faculties, thy wiles
Have lost their edge; so have thy frowns and smiles.
'T is time to place thy sceptre in new hands,
In hands of one who greater awe commands;
Or soon th' infernal empire will go down:
So yield *to me* thy sceptre, or the crown.

[a] John, viii. 44.

Who makest thou thyself, or else make they
Who are such fools, as Satan to obey?
And what 's thy sceptre now? 'T is a mere bauble,
As e'er was clasp'd or laid upon a table.
Men falsely deem thy state a monarchy;
'T is but a general oligarchy,
Or else an universal anarchy.
  Deceiver, boasting th' evil thou hast done,
Which only evil is to all thy own;
Did ever child of God revolt to thee?
[a]Never; or of thy own didst ever free
A single soul from his authority?
Never; nor profit by a victory
O'er innocence by falsehood or corruption,
Through youthful lustihood, and vile seduction;
Yet making thine to fall continually
From sin to sin, and shame and misery:
While innocence using its remedy
In Christ has risen to health and liberty.
[b]Thy pow'r on that is only circumstantial,
Touching its fortune, and its form material;
But not its soul, nor vital principle.
Tyrants like thee might overtask the slave,
The gentle shame, and mortify the brave;

[a] 1 John, v. 18. [b] Job, i. 12.

But spite of any tyrant or deceiver
Their nature they will keep, and keep for ever.
This say not I with view to recommend
Thy adversary's cause, or thee commend:
'T is only said, to shew thine impotence,
And reason fairly in my own defence.
If thou hast pow'r on earth, thou hast no throne.
E'en they who serve thee do not care to own
Thy name: they worship God, if they obey
Thy will by stealth, and keep thy holy day.
Thou striv'st indeed; but He has all the name
Of greatness; thou the mischief, burden, shame.
The same, if thou thy rival shalt forestall
In shrewd assistants, he 'll retake them all.
The pulpit, press, and forum he will free
From thy restraint, and set at liberty
To serve against thy false authority.
Thy tricks are stale, known to the enemy;
Who turns upon thee thy own policy;
As feigning, to wit, connivance at aggression,
When thou hast no great mind for opposition.
Then comes th' awaken'd foe, to make his profit
Of thy great shrewdness: who dost lull by it?
And how thy numerous agents thou abusest!
Except myself, not one of them thou usest,
But by his agency thou surely losest.

To instance by disdain and disrepute;
Thou hast made more by these beyond dispute,
Than e'er thou injur'd'st: while by thy boast
Of converts never made thou hast exposed
Thy cause, and other actual converts lost.
Who makes thee lead in church or state, but I?
'T is through my influence with the leading clergy:
Thou 'dst find that a stiff subject but for me.
Compare thy wits, how oft by Providence
Thou art o'erreach'd; thy blueness; paltry presence;
Old curled, cloven feet and leathery wing,
So ill becoming hell's dread sovereign;
With thy misrule, bad licences and laws;—
But these belonging to the public cause,
I to the public rather recommend.
Such points I neither censure nor defend:
But this I 'll say, that one I know full well
Fitter than thou, to be the king of hell.
It was young *Lucifer* he meant: but some
Thought he alluded to his proper person.
For of rebellions in that troubled region
There seems no end: each devil is a legion
Of devils, who are rebels every one.
The deep ones thought their all sufficient Mammon
In point of wealth might have the better claim;

Though not hell-born, like Mere Formality,
Nor s'pporting half the other's dignity:
His influence too had been much impair'd
By Christian precepts where they could be heard;
Where not, with Christians it will still avail
As formerly it did with Jew and Gentile,
And may by Mere Formality with Christians still.
Some thought, but did not mention Letchery;
Nor was there time: for rising suddenly,—
  Here is one, fiercely said the Man of Sin,
That beards me to my face, applause to win
From some who are of hell the great disgrace;
Wild anarchists who have no sense nor trace
Of the respect that 's ever due to merit,
Or feeling such respect, care not to own it.
Where is there one in all the opposition
Who has done more to better our position?
Did I not venture first[a], to try the foe,
If he were really born of God or no?
Then finding to my grief and consternation,
That he was Christ indeed, only begotten Son
Of God, did not I stir up every person,
To harass him as long as he remain'd on earth
And finally to bring about his death?

[a] Matt. iv.

Have I not striven ever since, to blast his fame
By all the means that one can think or name?
By forging false traditions, and the true
Corrupting? Trying hard [a] myself to shew
In place of Him; and therefore Him to place
In place of One I labour to disgrace?
Have I not gained by my emissaries
Great shoals of such as feigned, to be his;
Yet suffer'd me to be their guide and tutor,
From slighting the task of initiation,
Down to th' omission of [b] a single lesson
In Genesis, or *cursing a poor woman?
And what more can I while the Testament
Is read in church, my measures to prevent?
Observe what combinations I have formed
In every shape and quarter, what performed
By these, and by ambitious individuals.
Look 'round, and see here, what a court of devils
Attends my summons, superannuated
As they would make me, with int'llects prostrated.
Why I should like to make them know, that sin
Is never stale: and let them all begin

[a] 2 Thess. ii. 4.

[b] Chap. xix. to verse 30; appointed for the first Sunday in Lent.

* Q. Caroline.

To reverence as they ought the king of hell,
The staunch, the old, the most invet'rate devil.
  Then lo! a gen'ral murmur 'gins to rise,
And Hear! or Order! every demon cries,
Expecting from the devil more reply:
And long they might expect; he was too high,
His conduct or himself to justify
In that vast court, but did them all defy
With mighty swelling, and a blighting look.
No explanation gave he, nor yet spoke:
He grinn'd and stamp'd, that hell's wide caverns clave;
And while each only thought himself to save,
Himself precipitated to his grave:
Where panting with a rage that might be heard
Upon the mountains as they labour'd,
Long time he lay; until there came an hiss
Proceeding from the bottomless abyss:
Where coil'd[a] the dragon with his seven heads,
The great red dragon which the world misleads.
But more, the noise was like a rumbling sound
Like that of earthquakes hidden under ground,—
And growl that shook the burning vaults around,—
And noise and roar almost enough to quell
The very discord of discordant hell.

[a] Rev. xii. 3.

And ere it spoke, there was a gen'ral pause,
Each look'd on other, and in concert rose.
Then am not I the king of hell? it said.
If I rule not below; where is your head?
And am not I [a] "god of this world," at least;
Be god who may of this, and all the rest?
What then avails this filthy combination
O'er all the world in every class and station;
If not, to spread and strengthen my dominion
In earth and hell?—You 're panting still for heav'n?
So have it, when the rule to me you 've given.
Meanwhile obedient here remain with me:
Or, if you like, in greater misery,
And torments, by no fiend to be endured,
Through your own frantic stubbornness procured;
Forgetting all but your internal strife;
Forgetting how we labour should for life
In life; and not, as now, in endless dying;
Forgetting how on earth our friends are trying,
Or this great point to gain, or else involve
The world in ruin, and its form resolve
To chaos. Leave this petty chicanery,
Disgraceful e'en to demons; and with me
Consider how our gen'rals to advise,
If there be any chance and where it lies;

[a] 2 Cor. iv. 4.

And if more chance than one, then which may be
The best in this their great extremity,
Grief, consternation, and perplexity;
To which they 're driven by that royal priest,
Two dang'rous characters in one combined;
And how they at his mercy lie confined
In a position where nor fight nor food
Can be obtain'd without great loss of blood,
Amounting almost to extermination.
  Exterminate first Iphis and Amumon!
One cries aloud: then all cry, as 'twere one
In all that did this remedy advise:
Which being fix'd; the council roar, and rise.
  Left by himself alone, the great red dragon,
Samael, man of sin, or rather Satan,
Adjusts his rattling scales, and coils his train,
The meditating posture of the devil,
And certain token of impending evil;
To think, as he approves the vote in council,
How, and by whom the same may be applied.
Amumon is a son of God, he said,
A son of God, too, is that stubborn Iphis:
THE SIN they hate, and from aught else amiss,
Each keeps himself; being in fact the same
As God, his principal, so keeping him.
But as age dims men's other faculties,
So sometimes their disgust at filthiness.

I know, that as a child of God, Amumon
The damning sin can ne'er be put upon;
But that such may at any age be smitten
With fair exterior only of a woman;
Without regard to inward worth and beauty,
Religious principle, or sense of duty,—
Full well I know by two, father and son;
That is young David, and old Solomon.
And so for these two gallant chiefs I must
Two female fiends prepare, and send by lust;
Giving a DIS to each, dislike, distrust,
As handmaids; all for the part I now decree
To act in concert; as we did agree.
Of stubborn Iphis the complete seduction
I have some doubt: yet Lucifer, my son,
Was so seduced, and of that old Amumon
I am more confident for my late reason.
We must some doing shew, if nought be done:
Besides, there 's Lucifer, my noble son;
Or else some double damning might compensate
Some loss, and this be felt without regret.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK IV.

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LUCIFER.

WELL says that verse of royal Solomon,
[a]" Only by pride cometh contention,"
By pride—ungrateful, insolent and mean;
At once the scorn of gods and plague of men.
For let but pride be ta'en away, and all
Our other vices of themselves would fall.
Alas! that when himself was fairly down,
His life had once been spared by Amumon.
For thus he thinks now that the fear of death
Is pass'd again, and he has taken breath
Upon th' occasion of his late defeat:—
Th' antagonist of Michael to be beat
By human arm, and by an humble priest,
Is a disgrace my soul can ne'er digest!

[a] Prov. xiii. 10.

And yet perchance he may be down again
Before one humbler of the sons of men.
Meanwhile this grief it is that drives him on,
And maddens him almost to desperation.
  Behold too now in heav'n council sat,
Another hellish outbreak to debate:
Of which that haughty spirit is, as usual,
The chief contriver and a principal;
Taking this time with him an acquisition,
A cross between foul lust and dire ambition.
So now who has or mental eye or ear
Let him by either faculty prepare
His heart such scenes of wonder to receive,
As never eye could see nor heart conceive.
Behold where [a]four-and-twenty elders sit,
Two apostolic cycles near'st complete,
Each in examples for a thousand years;
But if of the same twelve not yet appears,
Though heraldry inclines to a succession
Of royal priests each wearing his own crown,
And with their crowns enthroned about a throne.
  [b]Then open wide, ye everlasting gates,
And let the King of Glory in who waits
Without. Who is the King of Glory; who?
The King of Glory is the Lord we shew.

[a] Rev. iv. 4. [b] Ps. xxiv. 7.

The sum and source of every perfection
Of every kind that one can think or mention.
As speaking first of love and mercy, he is
"Almighty God, Father of all mercies,"
Or speaking of the order of his kingdom,—
Almighty God, the fountain of all wisdom.
And 't is no empty name or power he boasts,
The mighty Lord, the glorious God of Hosts,
Then open doors, unbar eternal gates:
Behold the Lord, the King of Glory waits!
He enters to his throne; the elders rise
To pay their homage with four witnesses:
While hosts of angels compassing the throne,
With voice like falls of water raise their song:—

Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God Almighty;
Alleluja!
Who wast, and art, and ever shalt remain
Bless'd in thyself, and alway blest and happy,
Alleluja!
Wretched the dole of man,
In happiness beginning;
Short the longest span
Of life consumed by sinning.
Placed below angels in the next degree;
Them to surpass, or fail with infamy,—

Who aids the cause of falling man
In Heaven?—Not one.
No intercessor, no perfection
Short of Divinity
With such an office can agree;
Inferior prowess only falls a prey:
God marks the fault, and metes a remedy.
Worthy art Thou O Lord of dignity,
Lord of all creatures, all created thine;
By Thee to live and move, by Thee to shine
For thy mere pleasure made, and all by Thee.
Alleluja! Alleluja!
We hail Thee Lord of all with praises pealing
To the Lamb that was slain,
And shall ever remain,—
Not once, but an eternal source of healing.

The council 's opened, and the whole proceeds
To business: one hands its acts; another reads
Of God's high Majesty by man abated
For man by very man propitiated;
A Lamb which God himself did so ordain
Before offence committed to be slain;
A sacrifice of love and innocence,
To cover an outrageous-foul offence.

A champion bold, to bruise the serpent's head,—
Leaders in villainy; but chiefly led
To bruise his heel,—the poor who to him speed.
In general terms the president explains
Th' occasion of the meeting, moots the pains
But lately ta'en for order and peace on earth;
One insurrection quell'd, and giving birth
T' another, as much through mortified defeat,
As any good that may be thought to wait
On its success beyond short reputation.
  Such are the matters in deliberation.
And first Panaretes declares his mind,
A counsel such as one shall never find,
Save at the highest board where it is given
For counsel to be just, the board of heaven.—
Without or vaunting or duplicity
He notes the loss of our late victory.
And how, he asks, can any pow'r compete
With one that finds immunity in defeat?
Without much transport or retaliation
One certainly might take some compensation
For hostile measures on a vanquish'd foe;
Or some security, if but to shew,
That righteous blood is never to be shed
For nought, nor righteous coast with arms o'erspread.
  Then others in their turn: but of them all
None pleases like that of Ahitophel,

Call'd from his sphere t' assist at this high council;
Where [a]wisdom 's justified of all her children:
The same not being so in earth without them.
I still his trust to the king-priest Amumon
Must vote, he says; not as to th' only person
Deserving such command in all our force,
Which may have equal men with many worse;
But as to one whose excellence is known,
A skilful and approved champion.
But give this time as partner Execution.
Which measure being consider'd and resolved,
Its members rise, and council is dissolved.
Another solemn peal the King awaits:
Then shut, ye doors, be barred eternal gates.
Ahitophel, as but a mortal sprite
However learned, to the shades of night
Is straight remanded with a complement
Of witnesses; there to await th' event
Of his election for another life
Far from debate, duplicity, and strife.
Harmonious are the councils of the just,
Free from all malice, envy, and distrust.
But who can ever think, imagine, or describe
The temper that prevails on th' other side?

[a] Luke, vii. 35.

The heat, the transport, craft, and self-intrusion
Produced in council, and the wild confusion,
More like a siege, with which the same commences;
The secret sway that guides it, false pretences,
And close precautions of a clever few,
Their settled point to carry and subdue
The general sentiment by combination
For Lucifer, and his new proposition?
  Who knows not, said he, how our late defeat
Was caused by sliding of my treach'rous feet?
(Within himself one of the council said,
Thy treach'rous feet! by far more treach'rous head.)
Or who of our superiority
With equal numbers to the enemy
Can doubt; since, as I 'm well inform'd,
A second chieftain against me 't has arm'd?
For is not this a very clear confession
Of the incompetency of Amumon,
To meet your general in the field alone?
And more than that, I am bethought of one
To be my second: for in such a case
To have a second can be no disgrace.
They 've set th' example, 't is for us to shew,
To profit by the same how well we know.
But let me not anticipate the man:
Let him speak for himself; for well he can.

Then Parasitus with peculiar grace
Some steps advancing from his usual place:
Most noble peers, or princes; let me say,
And other high assistants met this day,
To judge of matters touching here the question,—
And namely that regarding the commission
Which now our valiant general proposes,
And no one of our corps here met opposes;
Taking for granted its necessity,
I 'm still to shew, why it should rest with me.
You cannot then but know, as being some
Of those whom I 've seduced, how by corruption
I have fill'd your ranks, using the very means
By laws design'd to hinder, as it seems,
Th' effect of Parasitic combination,
To draw, like Catiline, full many a son
Of honest parents to our union;
Who as we learn from the historian,
Endured such things to serve his crude ambition,—
But never thought as I, to found a system.
Here then, as Prince of Parasites I claim
A second place; a second all my aim.
So spake the prince: then others so prepared,
Both for his motion and against are heard;
To prove by opposition and agreement
That it deserves their general assent.

And much the crew his modesty commend,
In giving place thus to their valiant friend;
Having himself that ample share of worth
Might fit him for the highest place on earth.
But now among the *uninitiated*
The Parasite proposal is debated
With still increasing vehemence and strife:
One party lab'ring as it were for life,
Or to commend themselves, or else prefer
To that high post some friend particular:
Another party, spurning the commission,
As wile of Lucifer, his own position
To strengthen, and responsibility
Divide: ill omen that for victory!
The things howe'er agreed before debate
By some are sign'd; and so they separate.
One vote of a young soldier staunch and brave
(For such a mixture you shall sometimes have
In th' evil crowd) I cannot choose but mention.
I shall not vote for that uncouth commission:
(He said) nor yet for this new war, not I,
Till I 'm convinced of its necessity.
With women and gownsmen, war 's an easy cry;
But they who know its horrors, what say they?
Such was the vote of Iphis, only son
Of Polycarp, who many a field had won,
And was the author of his observation.—

There is, as it would seem, a strange delight
Among mankind to view the bitter sight
Of their friends' sufferings in certain cases.
Nay, more; 't would seem as if in heavenly places,
E'en with the God of love, whose Deity
Being immortal, itself can never die,
'T would seem, there is delight and satisfaction
Widely availing in his only Son
Self-humbling and enduring final passion;
That constant burden of angelic song.
So it would seem, that God, who [a]has no pleasure
In th' death of th' wicked, yet his darling treasure
Under heav'n, the saints who strive beneath,
[b]Can view with pleasure limited by death.
So it would seem, that now and then [c]a matron
Contented views the death of some true son;
Who, dying in the faith, his crown has won.
And if [d]God have no pleasure in an horse,
Nor in the legs of man, we know our course
Still has admirers; so had th' old Arene;
So had our ring for sturdy dogs and men
Before 't was clos'd by notions of religion
Consigning them to sloth, if not perdition.

Thus it would seem as if in every case
Of pleasant suffering the highest place

[a] Ezek. xviii. 23.
[b] Ps. cxvi. 13.
[c] 2 Mac. vii. 20.
[d] Ps. cxlvii. 10.

Next to the combatants' own place or share
Was held by patron, or by friend most dear.
But this is all mere seeming: and the pain
Is not what we enjoy; but hope to gain
Some greater good; as it is said, [a] no trial
Is joy for th' present, but a self-denial
Which we accept, some greater good to gain.
And, as for ourselves, so for our friends we strain
Our every nerve, the objects to secure:
In which should we or they defeat endure,
Our grief too is the same; one common fate
In either case both parties will await.
Hence may we judge what feelings now prevail
In heaven and earth, if not likewise in hell,
Upon account of the approaching trial:
And on the desp'rate side what ebullition
Is raised by the name of EXECUTION.
In general men's thoughts expatiate
Unwittingly; sometimes they 'll oscillate
More stiffly, like a moving pendulum
Within the narrow case, in which 't is hung.
So here the motions of the public mind
Appear within a case, as 'twere confined
On either side; tipped with false time in that,
Which malice, fraud, and falsehood regulate;

[a] Heb. xii. 11.

With time as certain as the light in this,
Where honour seems, and nought is found amiss.
Add to this general feeling for the cause
That love particular, which often draws
Contrariwise upon a gen'ral question,
If only happening to divide a nation:
But one like this, which all the earth divides,
Will send all sorts of love to diff'rent sides;—
Confounding ties it never can destroy;
Confounding smiles with tears, sadness with joy,
Sad obsequies with shouts of victory:
Where many a grief may be conceived like that
Which for its int'rest I shall now relate.
  And such, Eudoxia, was to be thy fate,
Born with good hopes, and happy although great.
Of pain like that described thou hast thy share;
Of pleasant pain, and not like gilded care,
For relatives embarked in this war:
As for thy father, first,—virtuous Amumon,
For Urban, next,—thy brother and his son;
But chiefly through one pillar of rebellion.—
E'en now behold, light arm'd he seeks the coast;
Spurning with heel fore-lifted as he 'd lost
Somewhat, or sought, the rattling stones which fly
Around, an emblem of his misery;
Spurn'd from the sweetest home man e'er enjoy'd
To roll beneath, and sink with every tide.

Not that he is the first who ever miss'd
His aim in love, and therefore did inlist:
But that his faith, his honour, and his pride
Are all inlisted on th' inferior side.
Would God, that I had honourably died,
He said, before I gain'd this foul position,
Where nought can thrive but criminal ambition!
At distance kept by ev'ry chief ally
In secret, like a traitor, or a spy.
However they may outwardly profess
Their confidence, or flatter and caress,
I serve but as a but for ridicule.
Keep they their secret still; and I 'll keep mine:
My honour pledged I never can resign
Or quit, to free myself from this disgrace;
Which I should multiply in such a case.
Help me, kind heaven!—Till then their secret scorn
I must endure, with service hardly borne.
Thus said he, strolling onward till he came
Upon a guard that challenged him by name.
Iphis, he said, what new design attracts
Thee hither? These gratuitous attacks
But ill become a cause where zeal should pine
And service more to indolence incline.

To whom Iphis replies: My friend and brother;
No evil purpose against thee or other
Conducts my steps; but gracious Providence,
Willing, I trust, to clear my innocence,
Gives this unhoped occasion for defence.
Let censure fall on those to whom it 's due:
No censure 's due to me, as I shall shew.—
Left by my father at a trying age
To care of thine, I found his tutelage,
As far as possible, a compensation
For my sad loss, a brother in his son;
More in Eudoxia, and withal a home
That prince might envy: but my wish to roam
Was lively and incessant, and the war
Just then renew'd on earth with Lucifer
Me seemed to present a fair occasion
For the indulgence of my ruling passion:
Yet to *our* father such it did not seem;
For yours as mine I ever shall esteem,
Although he spurn me from his sight, and force
On what I own an inconsistent course.
Meanwhile his anger, and his taking thee,
Leaving myself behind I own a mystery.
Neither can I commend thy father's prudence
In leaving mint of worth and innocence

Like his Eudoxia to the custody
Of such a guilty wretch as I must be,
To merit his displeasure. If 't be guilt,
To honour worth and excellence that 's built
On his example,—if to fear and fly
From guilt be guilt, from love for love,—then I
Am guilty in th' extreme; then let me die.
Betrothed to a priest, young Constantine,
I knew Eudoxia never could be mine:
I knew, likewise, that, beautiful as Eve,
She too might forfeit her prerogative,
The throne of woman, which is innocence,
If she had not than I more strength and sense,
Through the occasion giv'n. Hence my flight:
And so far you must own my conduct right,
My motives, pure—
That 's not so clear, he said.
But to the other point, and chief proceed:
Say, how thou cam'st to be this partisan,
And one so zealous of rebellion:
What insult, injury, or provocation
Hast thou received or from thy state or nation?
And if such hast, say, how thou wilt ensure
The fall of evil-doers and secure
The innocent by cruel scourge of war?

It is not war against the state or nation,
That we now wage, he said; but 'gainst invasion:
Or, if you will, a war of pure precaution
'Gainst universal empire upon earth;
Not that for which we pray, but where our mirth
Must be new-modelled, and variety
Of character, which all admire, must be
Reduced to one dull uniformity.
There must be preaching too; and there must be,
I ween, a good slice of hypocrisy.
Hypocrisy! the incensed guard replied:
Sure if that charge belongs to either side,
Or thine or mine upon this single question,
'T is that which makes a mock'ry of religion
By praying, "thy kingdom come," without intention.
And other things we 've also in debate:
But I have staid too long: I may no longer wait.
Nay, listen still, said he, to my ill fate.
I thought it right to give some gen'ral notion
Of this engagement first and how begun.
Now of the military likewise some account;
Which may extenuate what to recount
Alone, were hateful. For 't was no small thing
To join the rivals of one's friend and king;

The alliances and powers however wide,
The cause, however strange, on either side.
Methought, if priestly Abraham's ward, young Lot,
His sense of duty had so far forgot
And lent his service to the plund'ring tissue
Of petty kings [a] whom Abraham did subdue
In battle singly, he 'd deserved to bear;
As of the fault, so of its scourge his share.
'T were small excuse for me to find in this,
Common example commonly amiss.
Well ought a man the cause to estimate,
Ere he commit himself in a debate
Of any kind: but in debate of arms
Especially; for while ambition warms,
A course of treason still the soul disarms.
Nor was I ever without some mistrust
Of this design, if it were wise or just.
But while my doubts were at their height befell
An incident, as 't were the same, to quell.
Halting one nightfall in this solemn mood,
And casting for a couch, there near me stood
As 't were by sudden apparition, one
In armour bright, reflecting back the moon:
Who for a while thy friend contemplated;
Then said, another Polycarp indeed

[a] Gen. xiv.

Or I behold, or a strong imitation
Of what should be my brave friend's only son?
Thou 'st rightly guess'd, I answer'd: 't is the same;
His only son, and Iphis is my name.
And who 's not heard of thy great degradation?
The man of arms replied: but thou a station
With us shalt find at once such as becomes
Thy birth and promise. And behold here comes
Our chief himself, the gallant Lucifer:
I, Parasite, am second for this war;
Which stimulates, no doubt, thy fond ambition:
And he will place thee in a rare position.
Then straight he leads me to the fallen star,
But fair, though fallen; in person always fair.
So is a goblet of superior make,
Whether it flow with nectar, or partake
Of some vile beverage; so one sort of clay
Assign'd to various patterns must obey
The potter's thought; and demons also may
[a] Become, like Lucifer, angels of day.

[a] Rom. ix. 21. 2 Cor. xi. 14.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK V.

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THE RED HORSED KNIGHT.

BUT, to the purpose.—Now we all discourse
Of this new enterprise: the two enforce
Their course with motives for a lib'ral mind;
As lib'ral that of their new prey they find.
  These fair professions of the enemy,
To found an heaven upon earth, say they,
Are but professions: let them their pow'r complete;
And you shall see, how kindly they will treat
Their friends, for foes they dare not irritate.
Therefore we hold it safe, to keep aloof:
To thwart, t' oppose them, is our best behoof.
  Now such was previously my way of thinking,
The very side I always did incline,
Always averse to vain hostilities,
And swift recourse to arms; consid'ring this,

[a] Who take the sword shall perish with the sword;
Mean as they will, and though they fight like devils:
Except it be the sword of principle,
And not enforced by hand; but good example.
I speak not of the civil sword and justice,
If that must be enforced with arms and armies;
But of dictation international,
Which is the proper sphere of God's tribunal.
Where is the mortal unordained by God
Who will presume to take his iron rod?
Say that he has indeed ordain'd Amumon,
And say, he merits too that high distinction:
Then what sign gives he; where lies his commission?
When God above his armies sent to Canaan
The enemies of God and violators
Of all religion, not excepting nature's,
To drive therefrom, and partly extirpate,
He gave such signs, as none could hesitate
To own—by Moses, and for each the same
Whate'er might be his title or his name.
But Judah's sceptre failed when Shiloh came;
And since that time, there has been no succession,
Save this which is pretended by Amumon.

[a] Matt. xxvi. 52.

Yet shews he nothing like divine commission.
Assure yourself that men have their suspicion
Of juggling here; which has been often seen;
And, for myself, though I too long have known
Amumon and his freedom from deceit,
To think one moment, he could counterfeit
An heavenly call like that which he pretends,
(Proved likewise by the honour of his friends,)
I still may be at liberty to view
His call as short, a campaign perhaps, or two:
And during these I may be led to do
Somewhat worth doing; though I see not how.
  Fair to my mind had been their argument;
And after more inviting I assent
To their proposal of a chosen band,
Five hundred horse,—not less, for my command.
But no entreaties would me next persuade,
To join their revels, or to take a bed
In the chief's castle, where a thoughtless train
Of parasitic rebels did remain.
The earth 's my ordinary bed, said I:
Give me but a smooth length; 'tis luxury.
And so we part, having before agreed
On further steps.
  Now with that part proceed,
Which as a brother troubles me, he said.

Behoves thee then, to recollect, said Iphis
My friendship with Eudoxia: for how this
Proceeded to a more confirmed relation,
I oft revolve, however loath to mention.—
The eve was clear, and beautifully bright,
The sun gone down; the fragrance of the night,
And its peculiar melody, the song
Of Philomel, in stillness was begun;
The season looked as it was trimm'd and waited,
By corresponding presence to be greeted.
Nor was it trimm'd in vain: for soon appear
Eudoxia and myself, a well met pair.
And blithe as birds in heart; yet trouble 's near.
Who could feel trouble in such company?
Ask rather who could help it, doomed like I
To pass his youth in luscious infamy,
And robb'd too of his only consolation,
Female society, and his new relation
Untasted through discovery just then made
Of pre-engagement for the lovely maid.
Oh! had this bar been sooner known, then we
Had sooner parted! But we soon agree:
Young people are not long in a conclusion;
With them it is no sooner said than done.
Be this huge oak our alt'r, I said: and here
Connubial faith we each to other swear.

To-morrow I propose, to tempt my fate:
Beloved by thee, I still wish to be great,
The more thy love to merit, and maintain
My father's legacy, a glorious name.
And so without more thinking, while the heart
Is all engaged, we swear, we sigh, we part.
So part we, brother still; adieu, adieu:
There are sharp eyes on me, as well as you.
  Nay; rest one moment, brother; said Urban:
For such was th' hapless couple's brother's name.
Oh, for his honour—one word, to reclaim
My wandering brother from this false connection,
And further consequence of his defection!
Thou art not one of them; thou wast not born,
Nor bred at home, nor tutor'd when forlorn—
Or dark conspirator, or parasite.
Fair was thy birth, and bent,—thy cause the right.
Why leave thy friends, and cause so well begun
For one like this?
                Because I must have one.
It is no cause for me, if not engaged
In councils set for it, and battles waged.
Other than that, were cause for any fool
Who chose to stand by 't a convenient tool.
And give me leave to say we are not all
Conspirators and parasites, if small

The complement, and humble the degree
Of true men with us: for true men there be,—
And perhaps there may be parasites with you;
As there are everywhere more false than true.
Where shall one see a truer countenance
Than in my camp? I mean you no offence:
But certainly I think my chosen band
Do not betray[a] in forehead or in hand,
In look or operation—of the beast,
So much as your own corps, to say the least:
And if they did, the more would be my duty,
To cleanse their hands, and clear their moral beauty;
Also by them perhaps to cleanse a nation
And clear the aspect of its population;
As Joseph by his family had done
In Ham; and vastly more that righteous One
In all the earth by his apostles true,
With grace enough its evil to subdue
Ere now, but for the wonderful delay
Of heaven, which leaves it to another day.
And if these parallels be thought too bold,
I might adduce a general of old
Who served the Lord, yet was allowed to bow
To Syrian gods for good; as I do now
To Lucifer. Mark if it be not so.

[a] Rev. xiv. 9.

And now, who is the child of woe, the son
Of care, of trouble, and self condemnation,—
Of every woe in earth or hell that is
The heaviest,—but yonder wretch, the brave Iphis?
See how he beats his breast; hear him lament
Again his evil fate, and false engagement;
Resolved to perish, rather than relent
In action; if in council he repress
False hopes of victory, and quiet press.
Nor is this hateful tie the only part
That troubles him: for more than that, his heart
Is rent,—and more than his too, for the maid
With him by love and ignorance betrayed
Into a rash, irrevocable vow,—
Soon settled, but to be dissolved no how;
As twice betrothed to thee and Constantine,
That lovely maid can never now be thine.
For in his church priests are allowed to marry,
And early troths are also customary:
Yet with this privilege on either side,
Or by the choice of others to abide,
Or to annul the same by a new troth
At riper years; yet so, that of them both
Neither shall take effect: the party 's doom'd
To single life from that point to the tomb

Of one. Yet the advantage I have shewn
Is used too little almost to be known.
And so it happened by this guileless pair
The eve before his starting for the war,
Forced by his guardian's stubborn prohibition,
To seek employment with the opposition.
  But diff'rently two judge of their recruit:
The Parasite considers him a brute;
By Lucifer he 's named a business wight;
And one campaign has shewn, that he was right.
Yet 't was alone the will of Providence,
Having the choice of its own instruments,
That gave him such success and consequence
As Iphis never conld anticipate—
In both the army and affairs of state:
By ways and means of course; but singular,
E'en for the eccentric means and ways of war.
They were eccentric means, to win a nation
With but five hundred horse, and gain a station
Among princes by th' infused opinion
Of modest worth and fitness for dominion;
When commonly or power to control,
Or willingness to be controll'd is all—
With choice of feodal chieftains for their king,
That guides men's hopes, manœuvres, reckoning.

Such were the means, however, and the way
Conformable.—It happened on a day
In the late war that is to be; to say
Or where to have befall'n, or to what nation,
Is far beyond the scope of my profession:
Let heavenly intellects future succession
See past, and making room for things to come;
We cannot speculate with sight so clear
On past successions for a single year,
To say what that which was a government
In real succession shall be for a moment,
As angels can what shall be having been
Many years hence, with many years between
The object and their saying:—but somewhere,
Some day in what will have been the late war,
It happen'd, as we say, that half the force
Of that same nation was attacked by horse
Detach'd on purpose from the enemy
Before a precipice; no room to fly,
Nor yet to form, no succour seeming nigh:
When from behind Iphis and his full speed
Darted point blank, and made th' assailants bleed
From wing to wing, upsetting many a steed:
Then wheel'd to wait upon the infantry,
Who did not fail t' improve their victory,
Great but not cheap, (for so sometimes we buy,)
Since they have lost their leader in th' affray.

And now t' elect a new, the chiefs are met:
Where each prefers his claims, and great debate
Ensues; and more than great debate, e'en blows;
Which Iphis deprecating, some propose
T' assimilate with his brave cavalry,
And under his command, to form one army:
To which Iphis replies with graver thought,
And more regard for rights; as he was taught.
My fellow soldiers, brethren staunch in arms,
If not in blood: this preference which warms
Your hearts in my behalf I glad receive:
But there are other parties, and their leave
Is as essential to this flattering charge;
Their cause, the same; their interest, as large.
You' ll also find perhaps on recollection
Among yourselves a more deserving person.
I 'm no divider; I dissension hate:
Consider for yourselves, and for the state;
Consider the state too for 'tself, and you;
And what seems best for both let both pursue.
Then he retires, and they a deputation
Have soon despatch'd to the great men of their nation,
Informing them precisely what has pass'd;
Their danger, rescue, victory, with last—
Their loss of leader, and resisted choice
Of their deliv'rer who the civic voice

Consults by them before he will be pleased,
T' accept a rank that often has been seized
Without regard to their elective rights,
And power executive that all unites
In one for life, or list, or competency,—
Under the title of a regency.—
Now it befel by strange coincidence,
That their last regent for incompetence
Was just dismiss'd, and the same audience
Long time assembled to deliberate
Of a successor, wearied with debate,
Scarce deign'd to this proposal some attention;
When one, alluding to its civic tone,
Votes a conjunction of these dignities,
And offer of them both to brave Iphis.
A vote could ne'er have fall'n in better season,
To close debate; nor fall'n with greater reason:
So pleased them all, and pass'd by acclamation.
And straight they choose a nobler deputation,
Including all the worthiest in the land,
To bear the offer of this high command,
With suitable advice and exhortation
Touching the weal and wisdom of the nation;
Two objects in a state so close combined
As them dissever'd one shall rarely find.

Then thus prepared the deputation waits
On Iphis, and officially relates
Th' occasion of this newly order'd visit,
As above stated; only they think fit,
T' enlarge this time on moral government
Cent'ring in sovereigns, and largely comment
On the responsibility of kings
To God for souls—more than inferior things
Confided to their care; and for that end
Their presidence, and charge to have ordain'd
As priests or bishops none, but who maintain'd
Sound doctrine, and a fair example gave;
His own supposed of course. And so they crave
A present answer, or consideration
For this proposal of a gallant nation.
Hear then my answer at once; Iphis replied,
Of which the justice cannot be denied.—
The shepherds of the flock in general
Are not sufficiently accountable
For the content and morals of the people:
Give me the choice of all my ministry—
In justice, politics, divinity;
And then, as far as mortal answer can,
I will for their behaviour to a man.
To reign upon such terms I am content;
And hope, to found a solid government.

My own example also shall be due:
But give me yours, my lords, that I with you
And them may give one to the nation;
God giving grace to each one in his station.
For without that, my lords, both I should reign,
And you advise, and clergy preach in vain.
Also 'tis evident, that of us either
May do their best without contenting other.
I do not promise any one to please;
Nor to be pleased with any one of these.
Answer at once so pious and discreet
Could not but gen'ral approbation meet.
And so Iphis is made by proclamation
Commanding regent of a gallant nation.—
But neither honour gain'd on that occasion
Nor Iphis' nor the family's persuasion
Can make his peace with honourable Ammon:
He is discarded, and the other son
Retained, still in vain. Behold the fruit
Of Iphis' first campaign to him: the suit
To the confederates on either side
Is not the suit expected ere 't was tried.
For one had reckon'd largely on its numbers
Continually augmented by new members;
The other reckoned on its quality
And favour with the mighty powers on high.

These look not for alliances on their part,
More than the Israelites did in the desert:
But much depend upon themselves and leader;
And more on One above, to be their Saviour.
[a] Those do their utmost, to make proselytes;
Soothing men's foibles, passions, appetites,
With boasting, bribing, foul advantages
Of every sort; as cunning, power and riches.
But neither numbers make a deep impression,
Nor quality can gain a land of Canaan;
All through the ordering of Providence
With wiser views, and wider reference.
A moral question too is hardly tried
With human arms: first motives will subside;
Humanity and truth abate their charms,—
As slaughter swells, and thirst of vengeance warms:
And perhaps at last the pleasure of destruction
Shall yield to that of mutual corruption;
Except in some rare casts of character
For loyalty, and military ardour.
Therefore, although the doings in this war
Were great in some respects, as noise and mischief;
Their tale would weary, their sum need relief:
But they are nearly told; and I may mention
The closing better for this introduction,
Proceeding from fierce means to foul corruption;

[a] Ps. lxxiii. 8.

Of all the ills of war by far the worst,
Most mischievous, most foul, accurs'd.
For while those fall on enemies, these bonds
Are most pernicious between dearest friends:
And while those only may the body kill,
These may the soul itself destroy in hell;
And if persisted in, they surely will.
Ah fatal bonds! Ah villains of the will!
[a] Confound the beast, O God, with voice of thunder;
Destroy his wiles, and burst his bonds asunder.
And so shall we, the people of thy hand
And sheep, still bless thy name, thy foes withstand.
Save me, O God, from these strange children nigh,
Who talk nought with their mouth, but vanity;
And with their hand do sad iniquity:
That sons we may have wise and natural,
And daughters fair as corners of the temple;
That garners we may have well graced with grain,
Ways full of sheep, and no room to complain.
Oh, happy; happy; yea, thrice happy they,
So bless'd; who have thee for their God alway!
What has been said may sympathy excite
Toward one by heaven directed,—if not right
In his respect—yet for the general good;
Which needed his example where it stood,

[a] Ps. cxliv. 6, &c.

And a convenient station fairly graced;
Though for itself degraded, and misplaced
In company with such a graceless set
As was allotted him to guide. And yet
We may bethink us of a conqueror,
Who for the purpose was degraded more;
That he might be the bearer of more grace,
Light, and salvation to the human race.—
Beyond all hope the opposition thrives
Through him: the soldier fights, the agent strives
Like desperadoes; the war seems just begun,—
So full of life and hope is every one.
And now some champions of legitimacy
Begin to shew their foul hypocrisy:
But mostly those who raised the greatest cry
For kings and queens in their prosperity.
And many an overture these make to Iphis,
As one forsworn himself—of recreant service.
To him another sad mortification,
To them no good; as the reward of treason
Must ever happen from a noble person
Smarting himself for similar transgression.
It grieves him to behold such villany
Coupled with arms, though in an enemy;
Yet yields a melancholy consolation
To 's mind under its present desperation.

For now what matters to which side one clings,
(He said,) when each its share of ordure brings,
To foul one's hands? The world of parasites
Is full: this cause of causes all unites
In one that's nameless, and aught else confounds;
All ages, characters, conditions, bounds.
Within this cause a man may thrive if able;
[a] Without, but little comfort for his table.
And is it not an edifying thing
For a young priest in pulpit now, to bring
The example of his master's circumcision
As an authority for one transgression?
I 've heard of second death; of one at hand
I know; and I would see them double damn'd
Every soul, before I joined their band.
For Parasitus and his company,
Grown wildly insolent by victory,
Had dared to urge the soldier in their way
Assured; and would enforce, to be as they.
And thus he thought as from the camp he strode,
To gain in haste his darling solitude;
Where two clear streams beneath a pine-topp'd hill
Uniting form'd one course and one sweet rill;
An union, Iphis, not designed for thee.
And while he scans this painful mystery,

[a] Rev. xiii. 17.

Swift on one side an horse's steps he hears;
Which rushing down the hill, one streamlet clears:
And lo! [a] THE RED-HORSED KNIGHT to him appears,
Known by his steed and formidable greave—
A strife promoter, a very dang'rous knave.
We read of [b] one who came from heaven, to send
A sword on earth, and false connexions rend:
This ruby centaur only comes to sow
Discord on earth up from the hell below.
He reads the soldier's thoughts with hellish skill,
And thus accosts him:—
Iphis: doting still
On confluent streams, meanders, unities;
I know thy passion well, and what it is
That binds thee to this spot, this fair retreat
Of love and peace for those who do not hate
Them both incessantly; as I will own,
I do; and hate them for themselves alone:
And not because they stand before ambition,
Old avarice, or any other passion.
'Tis my delight, to see men kill each other;
From Cain, the first, who slew his only brother,
To modern Cains induced by civil strife,
(Or else religious) to take each other's life.

[a] Rev. vi. 4. [b] Matt. x. 34.

And in my taste I 'm no way partial;
I care not who are kill'd, or who them kill;
So they be many and considerable.
I like the horrors of a civil war:
Conflicting interests to me are dear;
Befall they as they will; to man, or devil;
To bad men only, or to good and evil.
Oh, what a pleasure 't is! Oh, what a treat!
To see the different orders in a state
Array'd against each other; as the great
Against the poor, and church against the state:
But better still upon a moral question,
Like that between my friends here just begun:
For that, not towns and cities rends alone;
But [a] every man upholds against his brother;
Dame against daughter, daughter against mother.
And art thou not ashamed, Iphis replied,
To own, to idolize, to take a pride
In mischief, by its veriest friends disown'd
In general?
That fault in me 's atoned
By truth (he said). If I love ill, I hate
Hypocrisy, abhor reasons of state;
As much as I love murder and massacre.
The only odds then between them and me

[a] Matt. x. 35.

Is this; others drink bitters when combined
With sweets, I bitters sweet alone can find.
So mind thyself, young soldier: for thy friends
Will not spare bitters, to obtain their ends.
[a] Woe be to them who bitter, sweet can call;
'Tis said: but I love bitter best of all.
How shall I quaff before to-morrow's sun
Have well nigh half his day's performance done!
(Then Iphis:) With all thine so let it be;
Ye spawn of hell, children of misery!
I was not born of hell, and [b] fornication;
But honest parents and regeneration.
By love begot, by love I 'm reproduced:
I live by love, whate'er may be deduced
From my attire: it is my rule of action,
Whate'er may be my liking and ambition.
Go home to Tartarus, and glut thy sight
With objects there of phrenetic delight;
Or go and share with Satan and his followers
Their wretched wailings, woes and endless dolours;
But long be it ere thou again on earth
Occasion find for thy malicious mirth!
And let me say whate'er thou lik'st I hate;
Whate'er thou hat'st I like. Here the debate

[a] Isaiah, v. 20. [b] John, viii. 41.

Concludes: each to his company repairs;
That to his imps below, this to his band of peers.
Too oft men think, that moral degradation
Must be essential to subordination;
That honour, wit, and freedom cannot stand
With low degree or none in the command
Of armies; while 't shall seem to other some,
Or [a] so they 'd make believe, that too much freedom
Cannot be given, being themselves enslaved
By their own passions abject and depraved.
And some may think a canting education
The proper ground of such subordination:
Our soldier, Iphis, was no votary
Of either scheme; he never thought, not he,
Of casting spirits: soldier to the bone,
He form'd untaught by his example alone
As many copies of himself almost
As there were soldiers in his native host.
And such are they to whom Iphis repairs,
When the red-horsed knight's augury he hears.
But that *almost* implies a sad alloy
Sometimes; as almost honour, almost joy—
Are but degrees of trouble and disgrace.
So Iphis found; as in its proper place,
With some particulars I may rehearse.

[a] 2 Peter, ii. 19.

But first it will be proper to recite,
How Iphis, ridded of the red-horsed knight,
Hastens to see if all at home is right;
As dreadful deeds by that unearthly one
Had been foretold, and quickly to be done.
  First to the general's quarter then he steers
His course; where no new evidence appears
Of an impending storm, and save the riot
There gen'rally allowed, all is quiet.
Thence to the Parasitic camp he goes
Incognito, and hears more noise and news;
Where all are nearly frantic with delight
At a contrivance meant himself to spite:
The same which they will basely perpetrate
On fair Eudoxia, as I shall relate.
But he the same has cavalierly treated;
Accounting it more easily defeated,
Than he will find, for reasons to be stated.
  No creature has he with him, but his horse;
A noble animal as one shall cross
For spirit, temper, speed, intelligence,
High sense of honour, courage, diligence.
A fit companion he for any hero;
By night especially, as he can go
Where few would care to follow without light:
Such are his powers, and his eyes so bright.

Now it was midnight, and the winding stream
Which he had lately left rustling between
The camps, with gentle breezes murmuring
In concert; one planet in the zodiac only seen,—
Nought else to ruffle midnight contemplation:
When suddenly there came a rude invasion
Of Iphis' ears and feeling from the side
Where he was riding and he ought to ride,—
All down a path by the meandering stream,
Which *he* saw not, but his horse by the gleam
Alone flung on that brook from Saturn's ring.
Loud female shrieks he heard, and voice that seem'd
His fair Eudoxia's,—cause of which he deem'd,
To be as he had heard. He thinks not of the ground;
But, rushing as through ether to the sound,
Is in a minute present at the scene
Of anguish. 'T was an ancient building:
And there were seen two lovely females fainting
In the rude grasp of villains them tormenting,
Simply because, as they to him alleged,
Their vows to lovers had been lately pledged,—
But having been obtained by old Amumon
Upon the capture of a certain town,
He had design'd them for his own enjoyment,
And by these villains to his castle sent.

Then brought they to his ears a melting story
Of their misfortunes, and their former glory;
While to his eyes they yield a partial sight
Of charms by chance too tender for the light,
And pray'd that they might not be separated;
But *if he took them home*, be kindly treated.
  You are Amumon's; sternly he replied.
I am no thief: to him, and none beside,
You go. Here knaves, not soldiers, lead the way:
Then mounting. turn'd his horse's head. No stay
Made he, or there, or at Amumon's camp—
After the *ladies* he had safe delivered
To old Amumon's chamberlain.
Amumon with his prize hearing the news
Of Iphis' share therein, must needs refuse
To take advantage of his gallantry;
But orders the two female friends to be
Restored to Iphis, or to liberty:
Who them releases, and they go to dwell
There whence they came; that is to say, in hell.
  Before Christ lived David and Solomon;
But some time after, Iphis and Amumon.
This was not well considered by the Old one.
No more pleased the event that red-horsed knight:
Who hoped at least, to see some pleasant fight

Between two chiefs about this female prize,—
Like that in Greece between two grand allies,
By blind bard at the time so celebrated
As nobler themes have never since been treated.
But still he had, as he foresaw, enjoyment
Greater coming swiftly to his heart's content;
And that too springing from *the triple union*
Of which was lately made some general mention,
And which now claims particular attention.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK VI.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK VI.

THE TRIPLE UNION.

Of common life one common tale is told,—
They ate, they drank, they married, bought and sold.
'Twas so, I understand, before[a] the flood
"Came and destroyed them all." The flood of Lot
Was not like Noah's: yet in time of that
They did the same: they also built and planted,
Which in the time of Noah was not wanted;
Until[b] the fiery flood from heaven descended,
And Sodom drown'd for manners not amended.
The coming likewise of the Son of Man,
By which I understand his revelation,
Will be for most a very troublous time.
In troublous times are fortunes more uncommon.—
Men talk of giving honour to the woman,
As to the weaker vessel, by their union:

[a] Luke, xvii. 26. [b] Gen. xix. 24.

And that bless'd spirit which selects
Its themes for Scripture, and directs
All their adorning, often celebrates
The state of marriage among other states.
If therefore some can hardly deem the mention
Of such a theme deserving their attention,
We are not of the number; and we trust
That many more think with us; as they must,
If they consider likewise, how the tide
Of honour ripples to the other side
From woman; and especially from one,
The[a] favour'd mother of an only Son;
Himself the staff of female dignity,
Consideration and equality:
Who came on earth its evils to espy;
To bear in part, in part to remedy
By pow'r on reascending to him given
Of powers on earth, and principles in heaven.—
Hail, Mary; bless'd in having such a Son,
More bless'd in breeding him as thou hast done,
But chiefly bless'd in him where he is gone!
And thou, Eudoxia, art not doom'd much worse,
Though thou endure somewhat like Jephthah's curse:
Since thou, enjoying precious liberty—
Not pent in cloister, nor condemn'd to die,

[a] Luke, i. 28.

[a]Like that true maid,—art free to roam
Through glade and glen, or meditate at home,
By all esteem'd a jewel fair and precious,—
No wife, but mistress in thy father's house.
E'en now she sweetly scents the breath of morn,
With an attendant, arch as e'er was born
Of canine parents, or e'er wagg'd a tail;
Meanwhile (to join the members of our tale.)
Before Eudoxia walks, or quits her bed,
A recreant knight, with twenty more are sped
Toward Amumon's domain. Now Phrontis barks,
As horsemen rushing through the wood he marks.
Now pounce they on, and bear away their prize,
Alike regardless of his, and her cries.
But frizzled Phrontis yaps and yells amain,
With nose in air; and long so yells in vain,
A poor deserted follower, to the sky—
Tossing complaints,—and other witness nigh
Not one apparent, save the twisting pine;
Whose tassell'd boughs responsively decline
Between his sad appeal and shadows high
On either hand, with many a pensive sigh.
  Oh, faithful creature! Instinct wonderful!
Too impotent to follow, and yet fearful
Less for himself than her whom he adores,—
He courts the breeze, each passing sound implores—

[a] Judges, xi. 35.

To be the harbinger of welcome aid,
And timely rescue for th' abstracted maid.
Could reason more avail in such a case?
Or what advantage has the human race
In aught, save language, over the canine?
Which if these had, and would be thought to shine,
Their first essay perchance might be a lie;
And all their shining, mere hypocrisy.
But, favour'd by the breeze, he hears at last
A joyous signal, hears the well known blast
Of Iphis; and, no fixture now, he flies,—
His strength redoubling as fond hopes arise,
Upon the sound; but Iphis not espies:
'Tis a light-horseman gives the well known sound.
Basta. The man alights, and at one bound
The dog transported settles in his arms;
Then while this feat his gallant bosom warms
With tenderness well mark'd, Phront. risks a pat:
Then cringes, and wriggles, and jiggles, to palliate that;
Then blusters again, and curvets with many a yap;
Now yielding, now assaulting, snorting, grinning;
To make advantage of his fair beginning.
Was ever such a dog? the hero said;
Then strokes his ears, and pats him on the head.
The dog now marks his time: another bound,
And lop-eared Phrontis skims along the ground.

Art off, my man? Then lead, said Mars, and well
I'll follow, be it to the gates of hell.
So ran the short-legg'd beast with curly tail
And flapping ears, and shaking sides, and pale,
Between the track of one and sound of other,—
His friend and enemy to bring together;
Until a doubt no longer could exist
Of the marauder's course with her he miss'd;
And then quite spent, o'ercome by his exertion,
Dropp'd breathless: but the soldier took him on.
And thank thee, generalissimo, he said:
I know now where I 'm going. Thou hast led
Bravely: so, to thy mistress; then to bed.
And the chief traitor being thus detected,
The soldier waits upon him as directed;
Mixing a little of his own device
With orders; of which to explain the rise,
We must recur to that part of the action
Which late we left, to speak of this abstraction.
For while such things are passing in one camp,
Measures are taken of another stamp
In th' other, which may now deserve attention;
Namely the camp and measures of Amumon.
And first the God of Hosts they sad implore,
Them,—or their lost advantage to restore;

Or else, (that they might find propitiation
And grace by their Redeemer's compensation
Prepaid,) inform, why thus they are consign'd
To death by weapons of so base a kind,
As that to which they are opposed.
[a]Just God,
(Say they,) why should the faithless foe applaud
Himself for opposition to thy word;
While we, thy servants, perish by his sword,—
The same asserting? Why are we worn and spent
In vain assertion of thy covenant?
Shew, if thou see among us any wrong;
Or [b] traitor twelfth, as with thy blessed Son,
To stain the honour of our company;
Or if our faith be mere formality?
Then struck the mind of their king-priest, Amumon,
A rending thought, a very strong suspicion,
Of parasitic traitors in the camp:
Where one in twelve might be enough to damp
The zeal, and paralyze the force of many.
So he devised a plan, to find if any
Had either been received as deserters,
Or taught corruption by its foul assertors,
Or both; as one ill seldom comes alone:
And thus his inquisition is begun.—

[a] Ps. xliv. 10. [b] John, vi. 70.

By proclamation issuing from head-quarters
He gives to understand, how some deserters
From th' enemy pretended were but spies,
And foul corruptors come in that disguise:
And charged the men, to keep a good look out
For parasites in chief.
Be wise, be stout;
And put these beastly monsters to the rout.
Be these attached (the rescript farther said)
And to the watch for safe confinement led.
While secret guard is kept upon the way
Toward Parasitus' tawdry camp that lay:
And secret orders had been giv'n to note,
What tokens could be changed, and were; what, not.
Then such a garbled crew was quickly seen,
As seem'd more like for willing not to seem.
For 'twas a guard intelligent, and none
Beside such guards were posted by Amumon,
Still struck, to find so many of his own
Mix'd up with parasitic traitors as a twelfth
And more of all his army gained by stealth:
But much he grieved, and much his heart it wrung
To read their doom, compelled by EXECUTION.
Nor droops the hand of execution here,
But, heaven directed, vengeance seeks elsewhere

By freshmen as they wake from their delusion
On systematic fautors of confusion.
And specially upon the priests they fall,
Who, thus employed, are traitors worst of all.
Then might you see the child with knife or halter
Avenge his person on some old defaulter;
And task of vengeance trusted to a mob,—
To windgall'd hands, the privilege of God:
Odd, but not pleasing, as it were to see
The clergy answer for morality
Of those confided to their care by law
Serene, and not account to men of straw;—
Or, by rare chance, some old defaulter see
[a] Himself defending by recovery
Of some though younger more corrupt than he:
Till heaven, at length with execution sated,
Considers this, and is propitiated.
But the more settled course of Providence,
To keep down that and every other offence,
Is by reciprocal authority
Of outward and of inward polity;
Which to a state the double safeguard brings
Of kings o'er prophets, prophets over kings;

[a] Jam. v. 19.

Both ruling by the same eternal word:
Yet with monition this, that—with the sword.
Happy the state, which sees them at accord!
As happen'd once in Syria and in Israel
Under Elisha, Jehu and Hazael:
All three ordain'd alike by Providence
Its deputies, to scourge a foul offence;
And each of whom Elijah has anointed,
To higher purposes himself appointed.
Judgment so stay'd by its interposition
Might quell sometimes the spirit of reaction:
For though the dashing, splashing of the wave
Awhile its execution check, or brave;
Yet of its prevalence there is no fear
At last; as in the reckoning will appear.
[a]Mean time we have of present recompence
To good and ill assured by Providence
Enough at least, t' ensure the world's continuance
Unto that awful day; when deputies
Shall cease, and answer for their dignities.
Here was one of them labouring in his way:
But what could he, as one, or do or say?
  Now on the hostile camp be we revenged
For morals poison'd, and poor hearts estranged:

[a] Prov. xi. 31.

(This double guardian said): to-morrow's dawn
Shall find us well engaged this task upon.
But little thought Amumon of his daughter,
Led by these villains like a lamb to slaughter:
He only thought it no discourtesy,
To deal with villains in their villainy.
And as for her, Eudoxia wise and fair,
Her father's treasure, Iphis' present care;
Seized, as 't was stated, in her morning walk,
She 's borne through devious paths, pursuit to balk,
All day; and not a respite, or a pause allow'd,—
Till in the camp she settles 'midst a crowd
Of parasites with cheer ironical
Received. Now help thee Heav'n. For who can
tell,
What farther violence may thee befall,
Though thou have friends so staunch and pow
ful?
For men at variance often shall accord
On their chief object, and unsheath the sword
'Gainst all opponents for that single cause,
And common object which both sides espouse:
Or be such object some fair woman,
Or liberty, or rule, or mere opinion.
Oh! could it be but rational enjoyment,
The sword might cease its office, and employ

To fair Eudoxia under tribulation
The horseman brings a lively consolation;
Lively indeed! and wond'rously delighted.
Nor is the man indifferently requited
For bringing him: while he has still in view
More serious service, to his leader true;
Yet carelessly pretends, that he but came
To earn a fee, and dissipate the same
In revelry: which all the guards believe,
And gladly with potations deep receive.
This part he calls relieving guard: which done,
And horse well baited,—he is off and gone
To Iphis, bringing him a straight direction
For fair Eudoxia's rescue and detection
Of her purloiner, Parasite himself;
The chief of parasites, that wicked elf.
And he, with pride elate, has also join'd
A roaring company, for her well timed;
Since he is not retired till break of day:
When fraught with wine and lechery,
He dares to violate the sanctuary
Of innocence. Then first a bark and cry
Are heard; then shouts of Iphis' cavalry:
And the main force of Parasite alarm'd
Turns out tumultuously, and loosely arm'd,

Calls for its guards and officers where they
All steep'd in drink and stiff'ning slumber lay,
Save Parasite; who hears, but cannot come;
Because he 's found some other work at home,
A single combat with the brave Iphis.
But either of them is soon join'd by his;
And battle spreads from Parasite's pavilion
All through the camp; while of Iphis, not one
But has at least his several parasite,
To manage as he can.— In this odd fight
Much blood is shed on either side; and where
The fight might end no mortal could declare.
Though Parasite disarm'd, there comes a pause
Of short avail: as soon another cause
Unites the combatants; that is Amumon
Charging through both sides to the grand pavilion:
Where a strange spectacle arrests his view;
Eudoxia, Phrontis, and brave Iphis, who
Now holds disarmed the floundering Parasite;
And all, his prisoners. Yet still they fight
Without; and still he gazes on the sight.
Then turning to his followers, he said,
  Be these three parties well secured, and led
To diff'rent wards in Amumon's pavilion;
The Parasite, fair fugitive and alien;

And (to her) take that cur for company ;
Unless another please you more than he.
(Alas, the while : mistaken sire, said she,)
To my pavilion take, I say, the three :
Where, if it please God, that I shall return,
The meaning of this scene I hope to learn.
For while there stands one party unsubdued,
Proud Lucifer ; and fight may be renew'd,
It is no time to parley : fly in season.
And hurried them away, not without reason.
For now proud Lucifer 's alarm'd and sallies
To th' scene of action ; where he stops and rallies
The headless corps d'armées of his allies :
That is, the corps d'armées of Parasite
Entire, and of Iphis' all the élite :
Contingents from so many states united
As might nigh weary were they all recited :
Of Ismael, Edom, Moab, Hagarens,
Of Gebal, Ammon, Amalek, Philistines,—
Strong tabernacles once, the loose remains ;
Which having been by Israel long since scattered,
Existed still in some degree, though tatter'd :
And Iphis by his gallant reputation
Had gain'd the lead of their confederation,
Embracing chosen men of every nation :
While, to enhance this time their operation,

He made a most particular selection
Of men both horsed and train'd in great perfection;
As Amumon now finds by their resistance
To greater numbers,—shewing in this instance
Th' advantage to be gain'd by such gradation;
Since second-rates are useful in their station:
But still the first are now so much engaged,
They leave their chief a prisoner and enraged
To be detach'd with such a sleight of hand
By Amumon from that consummate band.
Observe what may be done in chivalry
By swift embrace of opportunity.
For now, while all is pell-mell, hack and slaughter,
On one side of the camp Amumon's daughter,
Exalted on a palfrey safe and gentle,
Precedes two knights of very different mettle
Marching together from the field of battle,
Link'd by the wrist, and clad in one disguise;
Which ill beseem'd such contrarieties;
While a small foot-guard dress'd like peasantry
Surround and safely bring them on their way.
Westward they tend, to make a foot-day's journey,
Or less than half that time's for cavalry,
For hawk or eagle not a full hour's flight;
Nor yet one minute's for a fleshless sprite.

And silently they trace a gloomy glen
And dismal defile; which the lofty ken
Of rav'nous birds might pierce, but not of men.
The way was steep and difficult: one led
With cautious steps the palfrey by the head:
One holds the hand-bolt with a thong, for fear
Of joint escape: Phrontis brings up the rear,
As down the vale a rattling course they steer.
The sky was clear at first, and pleasantly
The train proceeded, till it came where nigh
Their route a cloud-capp'd hill appear'd, and then
A limpid stream meand'ring 'cross a plain—
To Iphis not unknown. But now behold,
The cloud turns black, the hill as bright as gold
Just in their view,—on other sides as dark.
The palfrey snorts, the dog begins to bark,
The guards recoil;—when down that stream of light,
Swift as an arrow, dashed THE RED-HORSED KNIGHT:
Who, laughing, disappears; and all in one
The glaring light has ceased, the cloud is gone.
Poor Phront. still trembles at the horse's heels,
And much the men that hideous laughter quells,
E'en Iphis startles: but of all alone
Forgets himself in gen'rous contemplation
Of others' sufferings and indignation
At the foul fiend's disgusting exultation.

Oh, that these hands were now at liberty,
And could but reach (he thought) a fiend like thee!
Thou art the fiend to whom I said of late
Whate'er thou likest most, that most I hate:
And if thou like of all the hellish host
Thyself in chief, so hate I thee the most.
Tiger for mischief, hell-hound thirsting blood;
Mischief befall thee, rushing like a flood:
And much may'st thou enjoy it, cursed Apollyon,
With nought but flames to breathe, and coals to lie on!
And grant me heaven (raising his unbound hand)
One of two things which always I demand,
OR TO DO GOOD; OR ELSE TO DO NO ILL.
Please it thee, heaven! Be that thy blessed will!
So pray'd brave Iphis buried in the train
Of arm'd attendants hurrying o'er the plain,
Which soon is noticed by a dozen horse:
Who down the dang'rous defile drop perforce;
And when arrived, Hail master, royal chief,
Unequally yoked with that confounded thief:
Though not as bad as if it were a woman
Yoked with such sort of thief, however common!—
The leader of the horse exclaimed: then throws
Himself at Iphis' feet; but soon uprose,
And bade the obedient guard his lord release:
Give me the lady, and depart in peace,

Glad with your ears, and that poor Parasite:—
Nay; take him to his own, and let him fight.
This lady safe at home; then all is right;
If so it please my lord, the brave Iphis.
Now for another pause, to say who this,
Eudoxia's stout deliv'rer twice, may be
Talking with Iphis so familiarly.
Or let the man say for himself the while
He travels with Eudoxia, to beguile
Her tedious way, and Phrontis in his lap,
Mostly asleep; with now and then a yap
'Twixt sleep and waking,—sequel of the fright
He had endured, with a long restless night.
Well might the liberated maid desire
More knowledge of her guardian, and inquire
A few particulars of his life; when he:—
Madam; an 't please you, hear the history
Of a poor blunted soldier, such as me;
Who never has received much education,
But what he gain'd in early days with one
Who has the honour to be better known,
I 'll give it you entire from the beginning,—
Save my account of revelling and sinning:
For it is chivalry, and not confession,
That best becomes a man of my profession.

Born in eighteen hundred, forty-one, Ma'am;
In forty-two received my christian name:
My age you may infer, but never guess
My christian name; it is so strange, unless
You take it from the patron of the term
First following the year when I was born.
  Then born you were in Hilary term, said she.
Proceed now with your tale, good Hilary.
  Hilarity, they call me oft in fun:
But Hilary for life. My master's son
And I were schoolfellows; a gallant one—
  And who was he?
Stay, Madam, till I 've done,
For of my story I may lose the thread,
If as these matters come into my head
I do not march them out. But as for Iphis,
My schoolfellow, from his nought comes amiss:
For his has been more exercised than mine
Within, if mine without has had more learning.
We two alike were taken at sixteen,
To follow Polycarp: also between
Our stature, strength and courage was no mean:
For oft we fought; but he 'd the better aim.
Thus mastery of all the youth at school,
Bespoke in him the man design'd for rule.

And all this trial, pass'd without ill humour,
Or conceit,—gave him the post of honour;
More than his wit, or birth, or education;
Though all were excellent. But where is my narration?
  Nay, Hilary, proceed as thou 'st begun.
  An 't please you, Ma'am, 'tis time that I had done.
Did you not mark the frightful red-horsed knight?
We saw ourselves the well known lurid light,
Which marks his presence, like a stream of blood,
Or I my lord's through battle, fire and flood;
Though absent now, I chat so leisurely.
  Oh, let 's move on, then: give the dog to me;
And ease your trooper. Is it far to go?
Methinks we travel wonderfully slow!
  Patience, fair lady! You shall have the dog,
A friend, as he deserves; not as a clog.
  Oh, give him me; and go you to your master!
At least then, let us trot a little faster.
Thank heaven, I see the turrets. Welcome home!
Give me the dog, good Hilary; and be gone.
  And home it was, fair maid; but not for thee
The home it had been; nor for Hilary
Was its approach the safe receptacle
That he was thinking when a spectacle

Both new and inauspicious struck his sight
Adown the approach; at first a glimm'ring light
That seem'd incendiary, but burning low,—
And soon the turrets, standing; while below
One solid heap of ruin all appears.
The place is spoil'd and blood is shed. He hears
The perpetrators of this deed retiring:
Save one who loiters, to enjoy the firing.
  And if I perish with the rest, he said,
I' ll try at least to have that villain's head
Before he leave his work!
                Down drops the pet:
And in a fierce rencontre soon are met,
Two cavaliers of first rate quality;
One, more than man,—the other, prime humanity:
Swords sparkling, flashing; horses wheeling, bounding;
Eudoxia merely with their surge confounding:
But not so Phrontis, now in friendship bold;
Who works th' incarnate devil's horse untold,
And brings him down. I take, said Hilary,
No prisoner-fiends: look t' other way, fair lady.
And thou to hell for thy next term be gone!
Then raps away his head, and tumbles on.
  But if Eudoxia would not seem to see
The blow, wonder and curiosity

Had fix'd her eyes, so that she turn'd her head
Without them turning while he bled.
The demon's neck was sever'd at a blow;
But with loud crackling. And there seem'd to flow
A tide of crimson lava at the part
Disjoin'd, as 't were from a *volcanic* heart;
While spurting drops, like sparkles of red iron,
Fly with the jet, and e'en her clothes environ.
One drop especially she marks from far,
Which rose a spark, but fell a shooting star;
And more admires than any sparkles near.
Eastward from where they stand it takes its course;
Appears for twenty miles, and then is lost.
And Phrontis too, e'en he the star remarks,
Dancing for joy; and bounds, and skips, and barks.
The star extinct, the victor claims attention;
And we have left our argument too long,
Where it was stay'd to wait upon a lady,
Who well deserv'd our pains: nor are so ready
The operations of a perfect day,
To explicate in our imperfect way,
That first another name to introduce,
We must not yield—of one who will conduce
Amain to th' unexpected destiny
Of millions not engaged in that great day.

ILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK VII.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK VII.

THE VISION OF CONSTANTINE.

'Tis well said in the doctrine of succession,
[a] One never quits, but that another one
Comes in his place, and what he had begun
Or counteracts, or mars, or sends undone
To the repository of oblivion.
So it befell the household of Amumon,
When Iphis left. For soon by invitation
Came an affianc'd suitor, Constantine,
To woo thee, fair Eudoxia; but as thine
Not taken; except for sport and mimicry,
And thy fond father's vows to pacify.
As for example; the eve of her abduction,
And not far from the scene of that foul action;
Which could Eudoxia then have but foreseen,
So mischievously gay she had not been.
  Now tell me, learned Constantine, said she;
What dost thou in thy cloister all the day?

[a] Eccl. i. 4, &c.

Dost pray for ever? or what else to do
Hast thou worth doing there? in pity shew;
As I may choose perchance a cloister too.
  And why, fair maid?
From thee sometimes to go.
An if thou have a worthy occupation
In solitude; why seek this new relation?
Come, tell us all: for much I wish to learn,
How far a cloister'd life may serve our double turn,
If I for camp, perchance, as thou for cloister, burn.
  Sometimes myself, sometimes society
Is best I find; but neither without thee.
  To speak my mind, then; I have dark suspicions
Of these same cloisters.
Forget them, maid, for once.
They places are, it cannot be denied,
Where modest worth is often set aside
Without encouragement, or even latitude,
To lie and rot: what other ills intrude,
Or any one to which you may allude,
If such there are, they are to me unknown:
I 'm not to seek for faults, nor their suspicion;
Having enough *undoubted* of my own.
The world is full of evil; but there may
Some fair exceptions offer in the way.

For one I think, I know: and only one
Would be of all itself the chief exception.
  Such was the wooing style of Constantine:
Too mild, too sensible to make one shine
In lady's grace, who was not half divine.
But fair Eudoxia, it would seem was more,
And might have loved him, but for love she bore
To Iphis, and her double obligation;
Making with this in fact *a triple union*,
By Providence ordain'd; but not for their vexation;
Not for Eudoxia's, nor her worthy suitors', 51
Suff'ring with her, and either suff'ring worse;
As their affection was entire, but hers
Divided: whence the prohibition grew
'Gainst double contracts, erst alluded to.
And heaven another purpose had to carry
By their three means, than two just then to marry.
  So parted from his idol Constantine,
As usual mortified, but more this time;
For more than usual jested had he been; 60
And on a tender point, though there would seem
No more to blame in one young cenobite,
Than in another, while both lived aright.
In ev'ry hold for piety and knowledge,—
Jerusalem, or any other college

Of prophets, priests, or undergraduates
That can be named, it is not highness rates;
But strict utility, and honest living:
In *every good and perfect gift* all striving,
Each other to assist, and yet outdo,—
Its regulations being ordered so.
But as such things still may be as have been,
Keen eyed suspicion often peers between;
And thinks the more, the less there may be seen.
So felt this suitor, as he sought his cell
Abash'd, though few without had lived so well.
For, nobly he, and *royally* descended,
Preferr'd divinity, and was intended
For holy orders, from his first admission
Into the convent ruled by a relation,
Who hated all cabals; a right good one.
Yet troubled and abash'd, as much he was,
He felt not for himself, but for the cause
He had espoused, God and his sacred laws
Through dark suspicions falsely urged, and earn'd
More falsely too sometimes—dishonour'd, scorn'd;
And to a precedent for folly turned.
O God; he said as in the frowning wood
Before remember'd once he stopp'd and stood
Aghast with folded arms, and eyes upraised,
Blessed be thou for e'er; thy goodness praised

Sufficiently,—thy wisdom, and thy majesty,
And might duly conceived, can never be!
Why are these dark suspicions e'er allowed,
Nay, more, deserved, thy majesty to cloud
In us thy servants? Our humility
Is written meanness; our retirement perfidy;
The while our actual faults are laid to thee.
How can one serve under such dire suspicion?
And yet thy service claims my whole ambition.
Oh, banish such disabling obloquy;
And grant me this; either to serve or die:
LIFE WITHOUT SERVICE IS BUT MISERY.
  Scarce had this sentiment escaped the mind
Of Constantine, when he to sleep inclined,
And took advantage of a mossy bed,
T' indulge his drowsy mood; and there is laid
Refresh'd, and calmly eyes a fountain stream,
Willing to sleep or meditate or dream:
Yet neither does; as often it is seen.
For while he looks, the objects are advanced;
In splendour and dimensions; he 's entranced;
With rolling eyes, and cheeks suffused, and dewy hair,
Transform'd: as we must leave him, and repair
To th' hostile camp; and mark what 's doing there.

Of late the hostile camp in our possession,
The catholics, I mean, with good Amumon,
Was partly left but, not retain'd too long.
For he and his were few, the foe was strong:
And if he ventured for a single dash,
To stir them up, yet was not he so rash
As to defy the chance wherein he stood
By *contre-coup* to be caught and subdued.
He had achieved a fair retaliation:
And not by this or that man, but in person;
Alarm'd the parasites, captured their chief,
With Iphis and his daughter; to be brief,
He had done more by far than he expected:
His proper part must not now be neglected;
Which is not dashing, but extensive action,
For which he paves the way by this transaction:
And as he skilfully draws off his brave élite,
Observes his main force gathering with the light,
And ordering loosely, as before agreed;
To leave some room for what he should have spied.
For who, but knows a general is all eye,
Or far off, or closed with the enemy?
But order of this battle to foretell,
Is not my part, nor would be possible;

Unless I could at this time too foresee,
What engines of destruction there may be
Only some short time perhaps from this in use;
A mighty change in tactics to produce.
There 's such a turn for mischief, 't were no wonder,
If men should come in time, to war with thunder.
As he returns however to his station,
The efforts of the foe surprise Amumon;
Having, he thought, their ablest general
A prisoner, by right the life of all
In such a case; and likewise Parasite,
With all his meanness, still not mean in fight,
He cheerfully conceived a pris'ner too;
Though he had many an equal,—Iphis, few.
But there they are, to order on their side;
Here, *we*, to mark what stranger things betide;
And chief to Constantine in such a state
Confined for days, as troubles to relate.
For now he grapples with an heav'nly race;
Bright always, though concealed by foreign face,
Or pure obscurity; as I have seen,
Like dingy gossamer infused between
The object and spectator; while one's heart
Is manipuled and every vital part

Turn'd with it in the twinkling of an eye,
Beyond all doubt; 't is done so sensibly
For the dejected, when God hears their cry,
A thrilling process; but the ecstatic vision
Mild as intended by its composition.
The horror that ensues is sympathy
Resulting from the wretched destiny
Of souls at ease deeming no evil nigh;
Or not at ease, that each with other vie.
And three long days, as long they needs must seem,
He follows, with the genius of the stream
For his interpreter, the penal course
Of Tartarus; which suff'ring and remorse
Concur to aggravate by memory
Excited, and by new ability
Now only for this wretched purpose given;
As less had been for better use from heaven.
  The genius of that stream was only one
Of myriads that wait in place upon
Their great Creator's will; as they needs must,
To mingle with machines of living dust;
Being at other times as fleet and free
As travelling angels of their quality.
And this was one that noted oft had been
By Constantine in mind, though still unseen:

And many a word therewith untuned to voice,
At that fair fountain was his only choice;
Much as he wish'd, and had bespoke—a sight,
If possible, of the immortal sprite.
And as this signal intercourse began
Between an heavenly genius and a man
Of common mould, it had been carried on
Some time the same; I cannot say how long;
The latter claiming cognizance more ample,
As thus; to shew his manner by a sample.
If little ones their angels have in heaven,
Why thence to us is not more virtue given?
Why not more prudence, ardour, sympathy?
More zeal for God, sense of futurity?
Good sentiments, mawkish and inefficient,
What are they good for? It would me content
To be the harbinger, however mean, of any
Good in effect, as well as quality.
How must I do to be that?
Answer, Pray.
And this I do: but say, How oft?
Alway.
Wishes are prayers; and 'tis my wish: whatever
Can any suppliant do more?
Endeavour.

Assist me friendly genius!

Not yet.

'Tis said of grace, as thou canst not forget,
[a]Whoever hath, to him shall more be given;
And [b]empire to the wise, says Solomon:
If I then have a thirst for righteousness,
And wit to know it, will he not deign to bless
These gifts with better fruit and more success,
Than empty resolutions and their record?
'T is, as Job says, [c]Behold when I go forward,
He is not there, when backward, he 's not seen;
To right, to left,—he hides himself between:
Yet was he with me; and [d]in my prosperity
I said, I ne'er shall be mov'd; (Woe is me!)
He makes my hill so strong. Beast, as I am,
How dared I to compare with such perfection!
And thou; why so far off, hiding thy face
In needful time of trouble? O thou whose place
With glory girt no creature may perceive;
From thee I am not worthy to receive
A visit evident: but make me fit,
And come a welcome visitor.

Not yet.

[a] Matt. xiii. 12.
[b] Prov. xxiv. 5.
[c] Job, xxiii. 8, &c.
[d] Ps. xxx. 6, &c.

Presence of God, that dwell'st in every part,
Be sensible or to mine eye or heart,—
As thou [a]didst go with thine, a flame by night;
By day, a cloudy column in their flight.
Light of the patriarchs, the gentiles' light;
Send, if it be but once, one glorious ray,
To cheer thy servant on his lonely way,
And help by *feeling* sight his faith in thee;
At least, if thou should'st think it necessary.
Or if some meaner token be preferr'd
Shew it—
My time is come; and thou art heard:
But neither for thy praises, nor professions:
'Tis from my choice, and evil prepossessions,
Resulting thence, of many who hate me.
For [b]my rebukes, I know, are fall'n on thee.
Likewise thy birth into this mortal state
Was much of God; and honest, which is great.
Not that thy natural birth could aught avail,
To save thee from the common fate, and rule
Of innate vice, and darkness spiritual:
More than another need o'er faith prevail,
And check [c]the new birth all may have who will.

[a] Exod. xiv. 19. [b] Ps. lxix. 9. [c] John, i. 12.

For [a]all must be reborn, and more must be
Than [b]common children in humility,
For sight or chance of heav'n, however nigh:
And none but noble children of high heaven
This noble gift have ever in perfection.
Hereby the sons of Lucifer are known.
Thy slight I noticed in thy infancy
From those who make a point of slighting me,
So in my book I read long since, and wrote
Against the same a countervailing note;
Which at thy generation took effect;
Which rules thy way, and all thy thoughts respect
Accordingly. As where I rule each thought,
Thought rules each action, ACTION RULES THE FATE.
And I have been thy tutor and director,
In solitude, in public, thy protector.
Think not that to the fountain-side alone
My spirit and my care with thee have gone
From infancy till now, and from the time
When thou becam'st my priest; then wholly mine:
Who gave thee, yet a boy, of Unicus
The thought, which thou art verifying thus
From youth to manhood, and thence again to age,
Through ev'ry station, circumstance and stage.

[a] John, iii. 3. [b] Matt. xviii. 3, 4.

Thou seest now the depth of thy conception,
However trifling when it was begun.
And so it is, that Providence amuses
As children [a] those as angels whom it uses;
And whose poor wit might otherwise break down
Before the magnitude of some contention
With [b] men much wiser in their generation.
Choose then the form in which thou would'st me see;
Be it from heav'n or earth; and land or sea:
Or should'st thou rather have it in the heart,
Remember, that is but a tender part.
The tenderer, the worthier of thy presence.
But in what form, to suit the outward sense?
Too mean a form would be to derogate;
Too high a form, I know what thou dost hate:
[c] Thy heav'nly form 's insufferably bright;
Thy earthly, as [d] the lamb,—are all too trite.
Could I call the departed from the grave;
And likeness of an honour'd parent have,
'Twere an unlucky medium, to contrast
More artful dealings with the simpler past.
Let me be bless'd with thy auspicious sign,
If such thy will; and choice of medium, thine.

[a] Ps. viii. 2.
[b] Luke, xvi. 8.
[c] 1 Tim. vi. 16.
[d] Rev. xiv. 1, &c.

Then Constantine with grateful bow retired:
And nothing farther at that time transpired.
But soon it chanced on a certain day,
As he was strolling homeward by the way
Three objects in a group he overtook
Of no unusual conformation, but of look
Quite such; a loaded ass, a man, a boy
Together struck him; but he knew not why.
The day was fair, *calm*, fit for conversation,
With Constantine a fav'rite recreation:
Who ventures to accost the man; a freedom
Nor new, nor unbecoming his profession
Among the poor. But poor if this man be,
His thoughts are rich, full of sublimity.
Good morrow, honest friend! This is thy son,
Or one, I hope: good morrow, little man!
Have you a load there for the monastery?
Because I am a monk, and go that way.
Good morrow, rev'rend friar; an it please,
This son is one of many, as you guess:
But we 're not bound so far, as to your house;
A shorter route will serve as well our purpose.
Which I will not inquire: (said Constantine)
For that is yours, as much as mine is mine.
But if I do not trouble, nor intrude,
I would know somewhat of your neighbourhood;

And specially, of those in our condition;
Being myself a poor man by profession.
And let me hope too, by propensity;
In[a] spirit poor, as well as property:
(Observ'd the stranger). Pardon my liberty:
As there are many, who our state profess,
And yet would fain, some higher state possess.
Believe me, good man, I am satisfied;
And with good reason. (Constantine replied.)
Having the comforts of an humble state,—
(Save one thought he) I seek not, to be great.
But thou art single: (said the man) a wife
Was thought at first the greatest comfort in life.
And may be still (said Constantine) in place.
An honest wife no mortal would disgrace.
But honesty, (the man exclaim'd) alas;
Matters with poor men now are at a pass
That honesty well nigh precludes; though nought
Its absence can excuse: the very thought
Were blasphemous.
And yet of honesty
Men's notions differ.
'Tis a quality
That reaches every trust; (the man replies)
And not alone to trust of wealth applies.

[a] Matt. v. 3.

There 's honesty in friendship, and in love:
'Tis more than truth, propriety—above.
'Tis righteousness in every true proceeding;
'Tis honour, duty, and good breeding.
Truth betwixt friends, 'twixt man and wife, may be,—
Yet far enough from moral honesty.
And where there is no absence of propriety,
There may be wanting perfect honesty
In friendship or in love; because of duty.
  According to my notion you define
This virtue justly, (answer'd Constantine.)
[a]With pure heart love each other; says Saint Peter,
Pure friendship teaching; than which nought is sweeter.
[b]Defraud not one the other; says St. Paul
To man and wife: which indicates a duty,
And to be paid *with strict propriety.*
But say, my friend, what has our honesty
To do with circumstance; as poverty?
  Why much, (he said,) from the twofold temptation
Of hard necessity, and inclination
By vice inductive and misgovernment—
In ev'ry class with general consent,
Begot for private woe, and public ruin:
E'en now the wind is sprung, the storm is brewing.

[a] 1 Pet. i. 22. [b] 1 Cor. vii. 5.

[a]Here: take a poor man's purse (said Constantine);
And if or man or woman, friend of thine,
Should be so press'd by all corrupting wealth,
Relieve him as thou canst by force or stealth.
I thank thee, rare one (said the stranger-man);
But I have other means; (it blows)—I can—
(And still the wind, as if 'twere emulous
Of this repast, began to rise, and rose
To such a perfect hurricane, the sound
Of that enchanting voice is nearly drown'd.)
Oh, could I stop your clang! (said Constantine,)
Eurus, be still! (then said the voice divine:
And still it was.) Remember now the brook:
(It further said; all melting as it spoke.)
The man, boy, ass, are gone with all their gear,
Gone in an instant all: no one knows, where.
Another time, when he is well borne out
In doing good, and putting to the rout
Pride, selfishness, precedent, apathy;
How thankful to the Lord then will he be,
For stationing this heavenly monitor
Where he was like to meet him, peradventure,—
Morning and ev'ning, as he went to lave
In that fair stream, or sip its lucid wave!

[a] See Heb. xiii. 2.

Genius benign, Spirit of God; (said he,)
Blessed art thou; right bountiful to me.
Long may thy font with moral nectar teem,
To cherish worth; and ever be thy stream
As Jordan bless'd, to cleanse each human stain!
But now he suffers a real agony;
As I have said: and what was it to see?
Two hostile armies rancorously engaged
In battle stern, and both so far enraged,
That no regard is paid to stunning blows:
Wounds fall unfelt, unfelt the crimson flows.
An hoary vet'ran here his plan ordains;
One in full vigour there the fight maintains
Inflexibly, opposed to mighty odds:
Some grin like demons, others shine like gods
In fight; so different is the character
Of combatants: while courage and despair
Some animate; a sense of duty some:
And all are govern'd by one resolution,
To conquer or die: such is their joint conclusion.
Oh, had I near my genius, for to tell
Who that old man is, ord'ring all so well!
That old man is thy father's friend, Amumon.
And who that adjutant?
His only son.

Yon man is more than mortal, sure, with his;
They make such deadly havoc!
'Tis Iphis:
And so his coverer 's a perfect Egis!
No hostile blow can reach his chief while he
Stands by.
Yet is not that Hilarity,
His usual cov'rer; nor any other man:
[a]Who it may be therefore, say those who can.
And that wry-neck'd one on the other side?
That's Lucifer, sometime the king of pride;
But crest-fall'n now, and sadly mortified.
See how the combat swells! Good old Amumon
Is driven by Iphis from his strong position.
Oh for a sword and wings, that I might fly,
To save that man, and snatch a victory!
Take them at once, begone: and in thy way
Drop this: but tarry not; make no delay.
Then Constantine rekindled with emotion,
Observes a sword and wings, a phial and lotion.
With those equipp'd, and lotion in his hand
He soars; and angel-ken at his command,
Flying across Amumon's avenue,
Is smitten with the unexpected view

[a] Ps. cxl. 7.

Of fair Eudoxia lifting Hilary
From that proud corse on which he fell, to die
Mingling his gen'rous blood with Lucifer's,
And fair Eudoxia's sympathetic tears.
His orders will not suffer him to aid
The fruitless efforts of that virtuous maid;
So, deeming this the place where he should drop
The lotion, still he cannot pause nor stop;
But shews the phial and flings it in her lap:
Who guess'd the cause, and by this signal hap
Set up, her champion has so far recover'd,
That he is heal'd, and off to join his lord:
While solitary, or with only Phrontis,
Eudoxia seeks her ruins and domestics.

Now what a part were it for Constantine,
His sword and wings unseen still to retain,
And skim the battle, as a swallow flies,
And skims the lake of its contented flies!
But he nor wishes, nor would be allow'd
Odds so unfair. He hovers in a cloud
Some minutes, to observe what 's going on
Between the Red-horsed Knight and Execution;
Then clasps his wings and drops behind Amumon.

Oh, stand up to thy father, Constantine,
That his protectors may be also thine;

As many an arm is lifted for his weal:
Or stand well off, if harm thou would'st not feel;
For many an iron arm and heart combine
His ruin, and thickening foes this way incline;
As if the charge by Syrian king once given,
[a] Mind only Ahab, had been changed t' Amumon.
The battle is no longer of a field:
'Tis in a corner: distant weapons yield,
To swords and falchions; *their thunder* 's stayed;
But not the lightning of the brittle blade.—
More fatal feats and suff'rings court my verse,
And worth in either shewn which to rehearse
Might pleasure some, and more might like to read:
But of such tragedies take I no heed.
Only the slaughter of a well bred horse,
Well trained to lead in battle or the course,
Seems a miscarriage to be rued by art
And nature striving to enrich his part;
Much more the slaughter of a well bred man,
Well trained in virtue's path; and one who can
In any part for body or for mind
Excel to which he 's destined, or inclined.
So long this strife continued, that a heap
Of men half animated, broad and steep,

[a] 2 Chron. xviii. 30.

With broken arms and dying horses cumber'd,
Which might be measured with the eye, but number'd
Then could not be—its fatal length attested,
Like some memorial mound with trophies crested;
Till by degrees the battle sank, and rested.
There fell JEHOIAKIM, young king of Elah;
Whose empire reach'd from Chalcedon to Selah.
He was a younger brother: to monomania
The elder being given, *as 't was said*,
The people indignant voted him aside,
And nobles took a parasite instead;
As the crown was elective, and a Veto
Common; while some might say or yes, or no.
Another parasite was PORPHYRY,
Also a second son of royalty,
Exalted by the general suffrage of the great
Through his dominions, both in church and state;
His father having the empire resign'd,
And its immediate heir—the same declined;
That to prevent an odious innovation,
This not to be disgraced by the succession;
And both resolved to keep their moral freedom:
While nothing did the pliant brother gain
By his promotion, saving a short reign
Of fourteen months, and fortune to be slain
Amid yon heap that crowns th' ensanguin'd plain.

'T would hardly be believed that royalty
Could stoop to reign by such authority:
Yet these two sprigs were not alone by many.
And not of parasites alone there died;
But many a better man on either side.
On either side the hand of Execution
Has wrought sad wonders; but chiefly for Amumon,
To judge by sight: as now in all the plain
No other force, save his, seems to remain.
But soon that flatt'ring show is contradicted,
And woe for those who kept the field predicted.
A gentle whizzing strikes Amumon's ears,
And then the sign,—a lambent flame, appears,
Slow rising in the centre of the plain.
He sees himself invisibly surrounded,
Without a foe to look on. Arms are grounded;
His standard falls: no more remain
Sweet life and hope; resistance were in vain.
And I, this dreadful signal to explain,
Need only make allusion to a force,
Not yet in use, more dread than foot or horse.
The stratagem has ta'en, the mine 's prepared;
The just is fallen; Justice no longer fear'd!
Some rave, some weep; Amumon ponders,
With heaving breast; the young priest wonders

At all he sees; and thinks were he away
From this convulsive scene,—another day
Nor sword, nor wings should tempt him e'er again
To work, that 's well to read of; but if seen,
Is horror. And behold the scene now pales
Upon his view: he sinks, his vision fails,—
Nor comes again where late the battle grew,
On surface green; but such as I shall shew.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK VIII.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK VIII.

HELL.

LIKE some rich fluid press'd through cloth of hair;
And not like human form resolved to air,
Nor that [a]"new thing" which God did once prepare
For Kore and his folk, descending "quick"
Into the horrors of the baseless pit;
Baseless but for a character of woe,
[b]The fiendly uniform transferr'd below;—
Forced through the earth, now Constantine descends
In spirit to its centre; and there ends
With him that heavenly impulse which the damn'd
Would fain increase, were it at their command.
Then, mixing still reality with dreams,—
As to the prophet's mind it often seems,

[a] Num. xvi. 30. [b] Rev. xvi. 2.

He feels like one from earth to hell translated;
And for a while within himself debated,
If he were sent alive, or else prostrated
In the Tartarian world, that world of woe
Prepared on earth, but chiefly felt below.
So Christ, when he had suffer'd once for man,
By spirit went and preach'd to them in prison
Of Noah's age, comparatively free;
Not being steep'd, like some, in misery.
He is not plunged in torments, feels no flame;
Yet fancies it, so vividly the same
Ascends before his eyes: while on his brows
The sweat redoubles, and his breast bedews.
Thence by his guardian led, he gladly turns
Where plaints are lower, and the sulphur burns
Less furiously: yet there is shock'd to see
Of his acquaintance one continually
Tormented with the rest. And Christ like he
[a] His own reputed sire, an amiable man,
Might there have met, with [b] his half brethren;
Passing by Judas, Caiaphas, and more,
Who in the hottest flames did writhe and roar.
Alas! for them; when any fair position
Kept without flames for aye were like perdition,

[a] Matt. i. 19. [b] John, vii. 5.

Or lighter flames of purgatory,—a bale
Which some deny; because they fear them real!
But now to scenes of torture special
The Cenobite is led through farthest hell;
Which *dooms* not [a]mansions, as in heaven, we call;
Such as the doom of treason, blasphemy, and pride;
Of cruelty, and many a doom beside,
With varying scenes of woe, which for the main
Exists in ev'ry doom essentially the same;
[b]Their worm undying, and unquenching flame;
A pang within, and pang without for all,
Or share of suff'ring mental and corporeal
In diff'rent circumstances and degrees.
Now wonders Constantine, who can be these?
For moving on the left, he first sees one cave
Full of dark visages, as 't were in conclave;
And at the end of this,—another portal;
Another then,—another still; and all
Quite lined with classes of deliberatives;
And independents some, some operatives:
No good, to judge by physiognomies,
Could be designed by counsellors like these.
So from the sight he sharply turn'd his head:
But met its fellow on the other side;

[a] John, xiv. 2, &c. [b] Mark, ix. 44.

And, looking more minutely, here remarks
Between the glowing portals transverse arcs:
But not OF TRIUMPH; they were all for shame
To those who occupied them, and their flame.
No mirth was there, whatever might have been;
No exultation now, no smile was seen.
He stopp'd not then to ask what this might mean,
Nor ask'd his guard of that he did admire.
Descend we (said his guard) to see the fire
Prepared for the devil and his angels
In yonder ovens meeting at right angles.
Behold the centre of the rebel's state!
Behold what torments him and his await!
Then down he look'd, the glaring scene to view:
But only look'd and instantly withdrew
His dazzled eyes from that appalling sight.
Nor devil's ways nor woes were his delight,
Said Constantine, I 've seen enough of this!
Then come and see the place of outer darkness;
If we may call it seeing (said the angel)
In any place which is not visible.
So leads him, guided by internal light,
Through hell's dark precincts, where the very sight
Might ache for darkness; 't was so very dismal.
Lo, (said the angel) here 's a second hell!

And so it seem'd from lakes of putrid breath
As foul as sulphur, and sounds of gnashing teeth,—
With crying, chiding, hooting, weeping, wailing;
Which might be heard, if yet there was no seeing.
It tires to dwell on such mere penal scenes,
Said he, where not one object intervenes,
To break the sad monotony of woe!
Come from this place then; and I will thee shew,
By mineral light, another apparatus
Distinct from these, and yet to dreadful purpose
Appliable, when it may be required.
So seen the structure was, and much admired:
All its materials were mineral,
Of course. Then points he to a diamond pivot
On plate of polish'd steel with golden rivet
Fixed: an octagon with many grooves;
By means of which upon the plane it moves,
And works so strongly there, that any change
In its position would the earth derange.
Come near, he said, and in this diamond see
The ruling centre of earth's gravity;
If I but slide it half a finger's breadth,
It will bring a deluge over all the earth:
If but an inch I moved this awful button,
It were enough to cause earth's dissolution;

Or if the same I do but gently press,
'T will raise an hurricane, with such a tempest
As soon may lash the waters to a fury,
And in the deep its dancing burdens bury:
(Touching the button,) and 't would be but justice.
Good Lord, cried Constantine, Oh do not this!
(For in an instant there was such a roar
Heard from earth's surface, as never before:
Yet never any touch could be much lower.)
Men think the earth is solid, said the angel:
And solid sure it is as to the shell;
But hollow under, as an hermit's cell,
Though not so empty, nor possessed so well.
Arch upon arch decreasing to a solid—
Explains the mass of which the earth is made.
And this too yields an opportunity
For plunging any part in misery,
If God ordains, by drawing out its key:
Which in effect would be well nigh the same,
As from the book of life to draw its name.
Two powers next in earth's material
Combine, to keep its surface firm and equal;
The centripetal, and centrifugal:
Disturb these, and the ruin would be dreadful;
Of which sufficient monuments we have
In many an unfathom'd gulph and cave;

But none so striking of the hollow texture
As islands now which tops of mountains were
Before the deluge, and gave some creatures shelter.
That was indeed a trying scene for nature;
A dreadful conflict that 'twixt earth and water:
But not so dreadful, nor yet so severe,
As 'twixt the elements of earth and fire;
Which there has been, and [a] may be now much nigher
Than some do think, and many will believe—
Though evidence abundant they might have
By organized remains in igneous matter;
As in calcarious—of ruin deep by water.
And further this fact to exemplify,
A light! (said he. Then blazed the sulphur high,
And winds like bellows 'gan their forces ply).—
As down the sides of some few mountains glide
Small streams of lava, streams not very wide,
From depths of hell an universal tide
Of boiling minerals might be supplied,—
And earth be burned, and air be rarefied,
And of your globe be formed another comet;
Which for the time fiends only may inhabit,—
Nor till the same its station as a planet

[a] 2 Pet. iii 10.

So purified in nature's course resume,
And all its principles again assume
Their products in a general resurrection.
  Much, by thy leave, Lord, I should like to see
The wonders of the deep, if that might be.
  Wouldest thou go where most unwillingly
Shoals of thy race have gone, and where they lie?
No; go not thou to that insatiate bourne,
Lest thou perchance too shouldest not return.
  So they proceed on hell's surrounding platform;
A part of purgatory, but more lightly borne
Than many parts, though far enough from ease;
As may be deemed from specimens like these,
Beside no rest, no self delight nor peace.—
  And first, they single figures oft espy
Which sit and doze o'er hell apparently;
Then start, as they had fallen into the flame:
Then doze and start, then start and doze again:
Their wretched life is but a starting dream.
And from this one example it would seem,
To die is not to sleep, nor yet to dream.
These were not downright rebels while they lived,
Nor yet apostates, as they half believed;
But they were *sleepy soldiers*, having found
Their Christian warfare easy above ground,—

[a]A little folding of the hands to sleep;
But not so now, for fear of fiery deep.
Their spirit would be off on some excursion;
But they 're afraid, to let him have his run.
Of plague like this he had before his fears;
But now thinks nothing of it, hardly hears
Its mention for some scenes that he has pass'd;
And much he mused thereon, and spoke at last.
Forgive me, lord, if in thy glorious presence
I dwell on distant scenes, and every sense
Is wrapped in grief and sullen mystery
By what I have seen, and what I fear may be.
I have seen the father of my lord in flame;
His brothers and his sisters,—all the same:
His father known for moral honesty,
His brethren kind, and all of them as free
From any *wilful* share in Belial
As if they had been born before the fall:
Oh, could not he, my lord, have this prevented;
Or snatch'd these souls from hell when he presented
His own form fleeting through that wretched place?
What is the pow'r of Christ, or what his grace,
If it will not avail in such a case?

[a] Prov. vi. 10.

The virgin-mother there I did not see—
She was above in paradise with me.
For [a] neither would he leave my soul in hell,
Nor body suffer with the worms to dwell:
We both were saved, had both the same good fortune.
Then could not Mary have o'erruled her Son,
To steal, if need were, Joseph from his prison—
Mary, who bends him by his filial spirit,
As he the father bends by simple merit—
Mary who rules the world by implication;
As God rules all, and him her yielding Son?
And where learn'dst thou that wretched sophistry?
(The angel said, turning indignantly.)
In heav'n no deviation from strict justice
Can be allow'd, nor room for aught amiss.
Think'st thou the Son himself his Father's throne
Would e'er have shared, if overthrown
By that same Belial and humanity,
A trying weight, he had succumb'd like they
Whom in the hottest flame thou sawest writhing
Incorrigible still by any thing,
As our beloved seer writeth well
[b] He who is filthy, be he filthy still?

[a] Ps. xvi. 11. [b] Rev. xxii. 11.

Or he, the Saviour, had himself been saved?
No; he had sunk as he was vilely braved
By his mad enemies upon the cross,
For hell's delight, and man's eternal loss.
For think, what it had been, had he adored
The tempter; worshipping and calling lord
God's greatest enemy: or if only his word
For man's deliv'rance given, he
Had fail'd! No; by persisting once to die
A sacrifice for all, and crown'd with victory,
He stands to all as in his Father's place;
As strict o'er all; yet with this recent grace,
That all are free again as when created,
From earth to heav'n through faith to be translated—
And heav'nly joy, by aid of Christ now made
Saviour to all who rightly seek his aid.
So had man first but kept his Maker's word,
He had not died on earth; but been preferr'd
From earthly paradise to one above,
And still preferr'd as still he fondly strove
His duty to perform, and Maker please,
The same with those who followed: or like these,
[a] If chosen, to be purged; if cast away,
To be consign'd to endless misery.

[a] John, xv. 2.

But still this choice is not of special favour,
'Tis like the choice of other works by labour
Return'd with profit to the operator.
From earth once ta'en, to earth again return'd,
Man 's like a vessel made of clay, and burn'd:
[a] The fire its test is; which if it abide,
The vessel stands; if not 't is thrown aside.
This is a second death for the material,
With second burning,—the worst fate of all.
For of purgation there are two degrees;
On earth and *under;* being such as these:
The first on earth; or by sad providence,
Or by the torture of a wounded conscience:
Of which if either lead to faith in Christ,
They still believe, go on, and not desist,—
The purging may be short, or else suspended
For this first life, and in another ended.
So [b] Mary's guilt was purged by the sword
That pierced her soul—believing in his word:
So one of diff'rent character, a thief,
Was purged by the cross with strong belief:
So guilt of some, as thou perchance hast seen,
By agony of conscience late is clean:
But in the cases I have named appear
Nor faith, nor earthly pang or grief, to clear
Or real or innate fault: which makes them here.

[a] 1 Cor. iii. 13, &c. [b] Luke, ii. 35. John, xix. 25.

But, to console thee for thy earthly brethren,
The term of suffering assign'd to them
Will not exceed one short MILLENNIUM.
And short indeed that must appear to thee,
If thou compare it with eternity.
[a] Meanwhile, I go there by my spirit still;
I do not venture through the gates of hell,—
Yet never scorn to notice those in prison.
I by my spirit go,—not in person;
As I address another congregation
Of unimpeach'd parishioners in heaven:
[b] For neither they may well be left alone
Without a guide; nor does my Father's throne,
The highest heav'n with all its purity,
Beseem his presence and his majesty.
And farther to relieve thy sympathy,
Know how this while the worst of company
Do not mix with the rest in purgatory.
No! never a child of hell e'en there they see.
Thou think'st not so, dost thou? No; never, never:
When once these go to hell, they go for ever.
There 't was too hot, to ask for explanations;
Or I had ask'd the meaning of those stations,
Degrees, and limits in that well of woe.

[a] 1 Pet. iii. 19. [b] Job, iv. 18; xv. 15.

As in the centre age and dignity
Stood first, and all were ranged by family;
[a] Some making with their hands too—certain signs:
All with their front confessing deadly crimes.
Know then, (he said) that those most deeply piled
Are such as have through life most deeply failed;
And, that the object of their limitation
Is just, to shew how guilt from son to son
Descends alike through every generation.
And every generation, with its due,
Would have to answer for the fault of two,
Its own and of the past—
Is 't possible;
When but to bear his own, no man is able?
'T were double damning—
True; but God doth shew
His love, in that guilt is not carried on;
But backward flung upon your second Adam,
Coming 'twixt God and him; as writes the prophet,
Alluding to your new, or Christian state:
[b] Behold all souls are mine, as I do live, saith God.
The soul that sins on him shall be his blood;
(For all beyond that bears the Son of God;)
The father shall not bear th' iniquity
Of his own son, nor more the father's—he,

[a] Rev. xx. 4. [b] Ezek. xviii. 4.

Caused by example or participation.
The father shall not suffer for the son;
But each for guilt of fault so far his own;
And Christ for all,—as it is likewise written,
[a]'All we indeed like sheep have gone astray;
We 've turned every one to his own way;
And God is pleas'd on him the guilt to lay.
But still in hell a man may grieve, to see
What he has done for his own family,
By making them objects of his ambition,
And lab'ring to endow with great possession.
Do the departed bear in mind likewise
Their relatives *on earth?* still recognise
Their persons, mark their doings, and advise
The living so to live, or otherwise?
They partly do; as [b] Enoch and Elias,
With more whose names are not come down to us,
Before the Flood, and after—gone to heaven
Undying, still regard th' affairs of men.
And, if hereof thou wouldest an example,
Remember how that wretched man in purple [c]
Bewail'd and fumed in flames, and tore his hair,—
Fearing lest his five brethren should come there;
Because they are five faithless, wicked men,
And therefore like enough to follow him;

[a] Isaiah, liii. 6. [b] Gen. v. 24. 2 Kings, ii. 11.
[c] Luke, xvi. 19.

Whereas, had they a better chance for bliss,
No man could more desire, to see them miss,
As not *in principle* brethren of his,—
Nor would be more disposed to envy them;
As now he envies one with Abraham.
For dying men likewise of his degree
Appear to God for their posterity,
As well as those not suffered yet to die:
[a] They go from strength to strength; and every of them
Appeareth to the God of gods in Sion.
But saw'st another group so mortified,
As they had somewhat stolen; or been denied?
Thou might'st have thought, they were all in one case.
And so they are; but each one for his place.
The case of all is that of one proud man;
Who only lived to magnify his children;
Grasping all he could get, to leave for them:
[b] Ne'er took God for his strength or trust, not he;
But trusted in his wealth, and villany.
Now mark, how he enjoys posterity.
Wife, daughters had he,—and an only son:
His widow first—marries a young musician:
His daughters are not married, but do worse;
And with his only son they soon disperse

[a] Ps. lxxxiv. 7. Matt. xviii. 10. [b] Ps. lii. 8. Eccles. ii. 19, 26.

The mass of wealth which he so hardly wrung
From rich and poor, to settle upon them.
His splendid villa, built at so much cost,
Is soon dilapidated, shatter'd, lost:
His ponds are dried; plantations all cut down,
Like Solomon's, by an unthrifty son.
  Pardon, if I another topic mention,
Not daring ever, God's own word to question;
But only for my private satisfaction.—
If God have laid on one the iniquities
Of all, he must abide their penalties:
But if no man is able to abide
One other's suffering his own beside,
How can the same, or willing be or able,
Himself to bear alone the half of all?
  Know that with God all things are possible:
Know too that other means of bearing sin
There are beside corporeal suffering.
[a] One, suff'ring with the spirit of a Christian,
Will take his share in poverty and prison:
The same is ta'en sometimes in sympathy,—
Not mawkish, vapid; but obey'd sincerely,
When for the poor, the wrong'd, the just it pleads;
Nor with good words alone, but with good deeds.

[a] Rom. viii. 17, 18.

So writes my servant Peter, [a] charity
Sincere shall hide our sins, though they be many:
And if one hereby may acquit his own,
Much more then may for all the same be done
By one who, sinless, needs no compensation;
And [b] ever liveth, to make intercession.
Likewise; as he dying for all saves some,
So some themselves by Christ, dying for him.
I am the vine; my fruitful branches are
Meet subjects for purgation: when they bear
Fruit much too good for hell and purgatory.
This makes my Father: some he *takes away*.
Bad hap for them, if in such state they die;
As then their case is without remedy.
A moment's suff'ring in the present state
Outweighs sometimes long time bewail'd too late.
  Petitioners for grace should humbly take
The same, and thankfully in any shape:
Also, when God allows a martyrdom,
It signifies more, than mere expiation;
It is a mark of heav'nly approbation:
Or else this species gladly would I choose
With meekness, and such means as martyrs use.
Some fear another sort of expiation
(And many too) by means of transmigration:

[a] 1 Pet. iv. 8. [b] Heb. vii. 25.

Whereby injustice and barbarities,
Falsehood, intemperance, impurities,
Are purged in other forms; whether of kine,
Or elephants; of drudging cattle, swine;—
Objects of sport; as ev'ry sort of game,
And beasts of every sort more wild than tame.
And though such expiation may seem light
To those infernal pains which most await
Who stand convicted in the way I state,
Yet it would seem an heavy punishment
In many cases; as men do torment
Their fellow creatures dreadfully sometimes,
To widen, as it were, the circle of their crimes.
And then to be by our own imps tormented!
By children's children, perhaps, if not prevented!
Worse were that, than such scions to have born,
Only on our old age to be a burden.
Yet so it is, that God one generation
By other visits both ways,—to and from;
With ill direct and evil by reflection.
So has the doctrine good effect on those
Who hold it, and themselves would not expose
Only to pains comparatively mild.
By such fond doctrines many are beguiled:
While dote they as they will, all men agree,
[a] *There is at last nought like impunity*

[a] Eccles. viii. 12, 13.

In any case; however one prolong
His days in vice: but punishment will come.
Best to [a] BELIEVE THE GOSPEL AND REPENT.
For that will be allow'd in part of payment.
Oh Lord, the more one understands thy ways,
The more one feels thy worth, the more to praise!
Grace to repent, and by repentance grace
More to abound, I knew: but now the case 460
I better find for those who are forgiven:
[b] And such without repentance there are none,
[c] Nor without faith too *in the pardon'd person;*
Glean as men will from any loose expression;
And some purgation likewise, as aforesaid:
Such is the well known doctrine of the dead.
But unknown still, or unthought—'t was to me,
How, if [d] no man the pains of purgatory
Might ease or shorten for a wretched brother,
Thou still hast thought for both one and the other.
And thou, O Lord, art merciful: for thou 471
E'en to the worthless wilt their works allow,
Dying in Christ for the Redeemer's sake;
So that his earnings for their own they take:
Which is a greater boon, than mere forgiveness:
As means of making their *purgation* less.

[a] Mark, i. 15. [b] Mark, xvi. 16. Luke, xiii. 3, 5.
[c] Ps. xlix. 7. [d] Ps. lxii. 12. Rev. xiv. 13.

Nay: where there are no good works to requite
[a] Thou dost vouchsafe to bless the poor in spirit,
[b] And wilt reward e'en simple poverty
When unalloyed with vice and treachery.
So no harm either get such by oppression:
They only have it in part of purgation;
While their oppressors heap up aggravation,
This to increase, if not downright damnation.
The precious light which here thou dost afford
Reflects thy presence in the written word.
[c] Therefore men should REPENT, or enemy
Forsake, if they expect the slightest mercy.
But *to repent* needs grace first to believe.
Which [d] any man as well as thou might have
Who can with faith that vital blessing crave.
[e] Come all ye sin-bound travailers to me:
There is no thraldom or necessity,
That e'er can keep a *willing* one away;
[f] One willing death for love of Christ t' abide,
And earthly fate for heav'nly to divide.
[g] Behold the fruit of confidence in Satan!
The bare recital aided by reflection
Can scarce be heard without extreme dejection:

[a] Matt. v. 3. [b] Luke, vi. 20. [c] Mark, vi. 12.
[d] Matt. vii. 7; xxi. 22, &c. [e] Matt. xi. 28. [f] Matt. x. 39.
[g] Gen. iii. Rom. vi. 16.

Then, what a grief, these frightful woes to see,
And feel their weight by living sympathy;
Or (horrible) by sad participation!—
To moderate the seer's perturbation,
He 's rapt from Tartarus, the deeper hell,
To one above; where human devils dwell.
And there, what seest thou gentle Constantine;
Is it much comfort to an heart like thine?

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK IX.

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BOOK IX.

EARTH.

On greensward stay'd, the monk first lifts his eyes
To heav'n; then sad his present post surveys,
To mark what 's doing in the plain beneath
Remember'd well, as late replete with death
And suff'ring, as 't is still on one side, th' other
Being replete with discord: which to smother
Requires the intervention of a diff'rent class,
One *unarm'd*, or 'twixt th' armed blows might pass:
Which class Iphis had settled with the allies,
To stay the progress of their enterprise.
And now the question 's to this class submitted,
What shall be done with those so nicely fitted
Yonder? Some would their force exterminate:
Some, having friends among them, hesitate
On harsh proceedings. Hence a long debate:

Which passes not by Amumon unheeded,
Though at a distance: and there soon proceeded
From his side a conjuror, with judging-spring,
That flicks unmark'd by any in the plain.
From whose report measures are set on foot
For an escape; and means, to work them out:
And in less time than that engagement lasted
The hopes of the exulting foe are blasted
By the appearance of a lovely jet,
A limpid stream, springing full twenty feet
Above the orifice, and through the same
Which late was cover'd by a lambent flame.
But presently th' aspiring jet subsides,
So does the earth: and water from all sides
The enemy's position now surrounds:
Wave rushes against wave; the spray abounds;
The nature of the case again 's reversed:
Here first is last again, and last is first!
And now; where is the triumph, where the joy?
Or where the disappointment and dismay?
  Meanwhile the news has spread both far and near
Of the first capture; and by chance there were
Two strangers met before the lofty gate
Of some metropolis: where followed this debate
Upon the tidings flung to them in haste
By laurell'd courier, spurring as he pass'd.

That 's right (said one) great Lucifer well knows
The way to right these rectifying foes.
That man seemed one belonging to the town:
But whence the other; was it from the moon,
Or from the grave, his guileless countenance
Bespoke a distant or unearthly residence;
And still a fellow-townsman might he be
Of that one, living in obscurity:
As with Elijah there were living some;
Whom he knew not, yet God was pleased to own.
The greatest difference we can find on earth
Is 'twixt a mortal and immortal birth:
But going hence, we find a greater still;
Some going hence for heaven, and some for hell,
Each to rejoin his source or principle.
In information too, there 'll be a diff'rence.
Some know too much, more [a] die through ignorance.
Even impudence too never was so great
As just before the time of their debate;
Some little sign of nature still remaining,
Some fear of justice still the worst restraining,
Who yet spoke not, if they dared look their crime.
It was of vice the rapid maturation,
That gave beginning to this revolution;

[a] Hos. iv. 6.

A circumstance remarkable betime
For other purpose, now remark'd again,
In our debate confusion to prevent:
Of which debate the sum I must present;
Beginning with the citizen's applause
At Lucifer's success, and little cause,
To laud it; as the stranger rightly guess'd,
And on the case his mind at large express'd:
In sum the prevalence of good o'er evil,
Of the Creator over man and devil.

I never can believe (he firmly said)
That God will suffer such a one to lead
Against the order of creation those
Who do not wish it nor themselves propose
As subjects of infernal government:
If any perish 't is with their consent.
[a] And God will work a wond'rous change in them
Their wisdom perishing, their wisest men
Losing all sense of decency and shame.

What! may we not serve Lucifer the same;
Still building temples in Jehovah's name?
There is an open service and a secret,
A seeming and a real, which fondly meet
In many a well contented devotee
With heart to Satan bent,—to God the knee.

[a] Isaiah, xxix. 13, 14.

And as for charity done by subscription,
Or patriotism, or aught of that description;
Where brighter patterns will you find for all,
Than we have here among the sons of Belial,
All bound to good by evil principle:
[a] As was that known example, Solomon;
And not so famed successor, Jeroboam;
As was all Israel in that chief respect:
Who, serving Baal, yet would not neglect
Their God above; but holy were, and kept
Their church establish'd, if not clean'd and swept?
Who are more tender and more charitable,
Than they who lend their service to the devil?
Who more devoted to sound education,
Than they who labour to corrupt the nation?
Who more disposed for freedom universal,
Than these forced matchmakers of God and Baal?
I never heard of General Lucifer,
Rejoin'd the stranger, as a rectifier;
But as a rebel and a great confounder
I have heard of the same; and much I wonder,
To hear a sober seeming person sound his praise.

[a] 1 Kings, xi. 5, &c.

He patronizes you perhaps?

Always.

He rules under the Man of sin our town,
And sheds his patronage on every one.
No doubt as they deserve who will not own
An allwise overruling Providence,
With amplest means for fostering and defence.
But do all serve him?

Yes, all; every one.

Men of all ranks, of every profession?

Yes, all; every one.

Minors expectant, majors in possession?

Yes, all; every one.

The bond, the free, the slave in his oppression?

Yes, all; every one.

The wife, the husband, father, daughter, son?

Yes, all; every one.

Who serve at home in place, and who are gone
Abroad on service?

Yes, all; every one.

Some knowingly; but more a thousand times
Without this aggravation of their crimes:
Who would not so admire their specious friends,
Were they half conscious of their hostile ends;
As they who know what they shall suffer for it
Do all they can, to give their friends a part,

Serving their devil-chief ex animo;
For which they must with such chief devil go
Where he is going: much as that, I know.
But *do* all serve him?
How can any help it;
When all are taken at an age most fit
And bound to Satan with the damning crime,
[a]SIN OF THE WORLD, as men in ancient time
Were bound with pray'r and sacraments; unless
God to insult and aggravate the case,
Their parents first the children bind to him
By baptism, that they may his rites profane?
[b]Shew me, if that you can, in all the place
A man who seeks the truth, does righteousness;
And I will stake my life for its forgiveness.
And are all healthy, wealthy, prosperous?
Not one of us.
You have perhaps a comfortable house?
Not one of us.
Some place or station, if laborious?
Not one of us.
Save what depends on tyrants rank and furious.
No man can challenge his own property:
But all is strife, oppression, anarchy.

[a] John, i. 29. [b] Jer. v. 1.

[a] I have espied such manners in the city;
(He said) and God, no doubt as well as I.
But how can all be in effect dependent?
Some must be something, and predominant.
And more than that; [b] do we not really see
Bad men sometimes in great prosperity?
[c] So they may seem, and thereupon assume
An air of patronage, drawing to them
The simple folk; of whom they take advantage,
While some by lust draw others under age:
With vile pretence of kindness, patronage,
They grasp at social power, fond hopes engage
Of feeble minds: but come once in an age,
Or two perhaps, one equal to their host;
Then they draw in their horns, and no more boast
Such mighty love. 'Tis a part of their system,
That of the devil and his javelin men.
Some waste that wealth abroad magnificently
Which has been wrung at home from poverty:
A cruel case indeed for any nation,—
Bad housekeeping,—deserving reprobation;
To shine like kings abroad, and starve in station:
Or else, to shine at home with company,
And all their house beside in misery;

[a] Ps. lv. 9. [b] Ps. lxxiii. 3. [c] Ps. lxxiii. 9, 10.

The flour in cates, the milk in sillabubs
Bestow'd, while the poor children live like dogs.
And then, what gain of any; as all must
Depend on minor villains who in trust
To them, are tools of Lucifer, and spies?
They first compel their agents, clerks, apprentices—
To take his filthy yoke, [a] and so be his,—
Their enemy's, of all mankind—the same;
And then expect fidelity to them!
This certainly were much the wiser part
For the employ'd, to serve with all their heart
Those whom they serve by virtue of engagements:
But the chief broken—frustrates all agreements.
Then for fidelity in families;
How can that be expected where none is
Betimes accustomed to a sense of duty,
Nor self-control, our genuine liberty;
But is a slave to idleness and passion
By friends indulged, and also led by fashion,
To load such false friends with a natural burden
Of generation upon generation?
See what their worldly wit for them has gain'd!
How far more blessed for all, had all maintain'd
Baptismal faith; which binds them to their God!
Can men be rich with that unrighteous load?

[a] Rom. vi. 16.

No; by such means they actually transfer
All that is theirs to their friend Lucifer:
Their lives, their wives, their liberties and souls:
He has them all, and all they have controls.
God gives them up, or gives up all his share;
Because a partner he will never bear,
Nor rival in the world. Think'st thou that he
[a] A JEALOUS GOD, will let the enemy
Come into half of his inheritance;
And that the best,—men's services, affections,
Wishes? Will he be fed with praise?
Is filthiness and sin the way to please
A God of purity and righteousness?
  Their captor plies them with conspiracies;
And chiefly of that sort so truly his,
That it is *wicked* named preeminently;
THE WICKED SECRET OR CONSPIRACY,
With court supreme; which has below no equal,—
THE WICKED CABINET, SECRET TRIBUNAL
Directed by the devil himself in earth and hell,—
Working alike the worst he can for all:
As for example, with this town beginning,
And to its present state our view confining,—

[a] Exod. xx. 5.

Not asking now, what shall 't become hereafter
By means that reach in time and place much farther;
So much, that present states and populations,
Or any temporal considerations,
Nought signify in the comparison.
Let it suffice too, if I only mention
Their purely party-works and leave alone
Their private licence, cruelty, oppression.
They are acting partners, agents, stewards,
Contractors,—and well may be termed upstarts.
Behold them treading impudent and sure;
Upon the princes' heels, necks of the poor!
Behold, how dwellings crumble, fam'lies fall
Before the councils of this vile cabal!
And there to aid the poor man's cause is none:
Few have the courage to assert their own;
So great the dread of them. And that no wonder,
Consid'ring whom the council marches under,—
The evil-being, Satan called, or devil;
The wicked-one reveal'd, the root of evil.
Though they who fear God truly will not mind
His greatest pow'r on them: there 's help behind.
The rest have three degrees of degradation,
And each endow'd with sev'ral condemnation:
As first the "simple folk," who downward go,
Because they better might, but would not—know:

And next—those fools; who, falling deeper, find
A warm reception with their proper kind;
As ruthless, hardened, unbelieving, blind.
But worst assign'd are they who for no cause,
Save love of mischief, or to gain applause,
Do all the evil they can find on earth
Or means to do, or cunning to bring forth.
  Have you no government then in the city?
  Yes; we have two indeed, great is the pity.
  One civil perhaps, and one religious join'd?
  No; happily, we are not so combined:
A noble constitution have we, that
Comprises every interest in one 'state.
  I pray you then, what may be th' other half?
  No government that 's own'd, but one by stealth,—
And neither monarchy, nor commonwealth.
  If neither commonwealth, nor monarchy;
What else I pray?
                It is a demonarchy.
Or anarchy; and only one of many
Convened by priests with Mere formality,
In this—a pure metropolis of fraud:
Where ev'ry comfort might be fairly had,
But none exist; because all will by fraud
Or have the same, or it shall not be had.

The rich defraud the poor; the poor the rich:
The people cheat their priests; they nothing preach;
Or to no purpose, save to trump up something:
And reason why; would Satan cast out Satan?
Husbands defraud their wives; and they, the same;—
Both infamously without fear or shame.
And while the children here defraud their parents;
Their parents them defraud on going hence,
Without bequeathing them or good example,—
Or, it may be—one virtuous principle.
Then you have churches?
I think we have!
And monasteries?
Monasteries brave!
But list! Methought I heard a parish bell.
Is it for prayer, or is 't a funeral?
For prayer, indeed! What?—Prayer to Lucifer?
No prayer since his accession has been here:
Besides; men, being born in sin's subjection,
Are free to sin,—need no petition
For that part, as for God's,—e'en with election.
And for the trouble of a funeral;
Men like not now their relatives so well
As them to follow with their mufflers weeping:
Much rather would they pass the while in sleeping.

Besides; all our endowments for devotion
Have been long swallow'd up, entirely gone,
And nothing of them now remains save one:
Which is the sole example of a knell,
By some deep denizen endow'd so well
That Lucifer dared not arrest its voice;
Though he contrived to set aside the service:
If service we may call what serves no end;—
As ill, to censure; good, to recommend.
But we had once our weeks and sabbath days.
You 've heard of them perhaps?

I have, and read.

Well such were here, with prayers for such dead
As with the devil's were not numbered;
Though they might be some of his truest breed.
But come: our churches see; as they deserve,
And leisurably, as the time may serve.
Of which 'twas said, [a]They worship me in vain;
The blood-stain'd, impious, and unnat'ral men,
With not a rag of righteousness to borrow:
Your place is worse than Sodom and Gomorrah;
And all your worship is but sin and sorrow.

But how came their endowments so to stray?
That God himself had taken them away.

[a] Isaiah, i. 11.

He could endure sometime their infidelity;
[a]But not so long their impious mockery:
Themselves not only mocking but their men;
[b]While they the more content themselves with them,—
From end to end responding mimicry
In place of music and divinity;
[c]No man speaking by God calls Jesus "Cursed";
Nor feels him Lord, without the Holy Ghost.
And many hearers in the secret wink;
And many dare not say what they may think;
[d]And many think not,—only eat and drink;
And Lucifer is taught the opportunity
Of chastisement, to fill his treasury,
And take this sacred nuisance clean away.
Thou seest here no solitary instance
Of [e]evil angels sent on acts of vengeance;
As well as of [f]destroying angel, who
In his commission doth more office shew;
While devils drudge like devils, and [g]ne'er know
What they are set on, or what 't is they do:
But now the chastisement nor he, nor they
Will execute; it is consign'd to me;
And had been long since, but for [h]th' injured party.

[a] Jude, 18. [b] Rom. i. 31, 32. [c] 1 Cor. xii. 3.
[d] Prov. i. 22. [e] Ps. lxxviii. 50. [f] 2 Sam. xxiv. 16.
[g] Luke, xxiii. 34. [h] Heb. vii. 25.

Continually praying a suspension
Of the dire sentence passed on guilty man:
When he, as [a]Moses, Phinehas, and Aaron,—
Stood in the gap 'fore God, to save his chosen;
Stood forth for all, and turn'd his indignation:
But not succeeded without [b]sacrifice
Of his own flesh, his all,—at last:
Which God appeased; and so that crisis pass'd.
And afterward his interest with God
Unlimited did oft avert the rod
From human [c]rebels sprinkled with his blood.
But since his kindness is repaid with scorn,
God deems th' offence no longer to be borne;
And [d]he that letteth will no longer let:
The let is pass'd; thank God! thine eyes shall see 't;
Shall see the let: but "the end is not yet."
Before that comes we must have a [e]MILLENNIUM;
And before that,—an EVE, or preparation:
The preparation; that is now begun.
Think not, that sin is single in this wicked place:
You will have no sense of its abominable case;
Except you take, and view it in a mass:
And have some notion of its history,
Extent, connexions, high antiquity;
A subject of your chief concern well worthy.

[a] Ps. cvi. 23, &c. [b] John, vi. 51. [c] Matt. xxvii. 25.
[d] 2 Thess. ii. 7. [e] Rev. xx. 2, &c.

Here being the metropolis of sin
On earth now: as the same is often changing,
Beat out continually from all its quarters:
Though still it ceases not, nor system alters.
And first you shall observe the infant at the breast,
More cross than woman's seed, yet more caress'd;
Because it has more vigour, and more cunning;
And all the trade of licence learns betime.
Then, as the passions grow, so grows their licence;
Till the child's friends cannot help their indulgence,
No more has *he* next, any self-control;
If he e'er wish to have it, like the whole
To spoil of what these spoiling friends may have;
As they spoil'd him, and first example gave.
But some are not so far imbued as these
With sperm of Satan, shew more sign of grace;
And seem almost worth saving, if it may be;
But hardly shall for cunning of the enemy.
Then; takes he from the whole his ministers;
As we have seen, and each to post prefers,
As most convenient for his WICKED SYSTEM
In this metropolis; being but one,
Of which a like is found in every nation
Where trades the same, or can obtrude a mission

Of such as have human ability,
And devilish too; but not one quality
That tends to heaven or paradise: so they
Ne'er dream of them; but own device obey.
And no new thing is this: but what here done
At present is has aye been carrying on:
For no new thing is there under the sun.
See what is now the plight of Babylon;
See what the plight of Tyre and Sidon.
Where now is Carthage? What is Rome?
All great, and bad, and humbled in their turn!
Hence may you have some inkling of the system
That I describe; but no perfect description
Without that of another combination:
I mean below; that with its friends and patron.
  Forgive my scepticism, said the stranger
If from your own account I do infer
Some inconsistency in this sad reck'ning.
For if each state, a capital of sin
Has in itself, what need of mission
From this particularly, for beginning?
  Not for beginning, but for carrying on;
As in some states the trade is but begun.
Yet of the same there are three chief degrees:
The first, a capital offence to please
Unthinking youth; and so entangle these,

This is one province, species, or degree;
The simplest state of man's captivity,
Which might be heal'd by human polity.
That sends the wicked one to his invention
For reinforcements; which he finds in Mammon,
And gets some lures more suitable for manhood,
The voice and custom of the neighbourhood;
Which childish passions only do n't control,
But seize the judgment, and engross the soul.
Now Satan has them: who shall these deliver,
Bound as they are in soul to the deceiver?
But still they dare not own his simple sway:
They own him God; while Mammon they obey.
Then to obey his slave 's not owning him,
And to his pride by no means flattering.
To serve the slave, and not to own the master
For him no profit were, but sad disaster:
He with such measure will not be content;
And therefore has his missionaries sent
In every shape, both gentle men and simple,
To get us, if he can, TO OWN THE DEVIL,
This is the *third* degree, of all most ample.
You mean not seriously! Is 't possible?
'Tis more indeed; 't is possible and real;
However it may seem incredible.

And how may this great work be carried on?
Why not by youthful lusts not yet by Mammon;
But by great Lucifer or wild ambition:
Who in this city keeps his court and station;
Here forms his projects, orders, embassies,
His able instruments, and none like these
For courage, patience, ingenuity,—
Has he elsewhere in any town or city.
Therefore he aggrandizes them abroad,
That others might by such be gain'd, or awed:
Meanwhile impoverishing those at home,
To pave the way for general destruction,
And for his hellish ends make greater room:
That he with ruin from this wretched place
Might send his fetters to the human race.
And what may be the end of this impoverishing?
Why that which even now is to be seen:
For which, and for their plague almighty God
These wicked men has tempted and employ'd,
[a] First to believe a lie, and all be damn'd;
And next redeem'd the world from vile command,
By bringing in a general discontent
E'en among those who need most punishment,
As well as those who would their crimes prevent.

[a] 2 Thess. ii. 11, 12.

Then comes between the two a moral war:
In which the righteous are first doomed to suffer;
As oft they are in many other ways
For future good, and God's eternal praise
That sounds elsewhere as well as in our churches.
But if you churches have and monasteries,
You must have priests of course, t' appear in these?
Not priests of God, nor Baal immediately:
But priests of Baal by Mere formality.
This is their idol: no higher God have they,
And all the worship he can gain from them
To Baal is again transferred by him.
Behold the secret source of many a crime:
So is that wealth which they wring from the poor,
And chiefly use their thraldom to ensure,—
With keeping knowledge from the ear of youth;
Lest they salvation, liberty, and truth
By learning their profession should regain,
Leave vanity, and fly to God again.
For sure than these no words can speak more plain:
HERE I RENOUNCE THE DEVIL WITH HIS FRIENDS.
GOD I ASSUME FOR MINE, WITH ALL THAT TENDS
TO REMEDY THE PAST—THROUGH JESUS CHRIST,
HIS SON, AND BY THE HOLY GHOST.
Yet where 's the priest that ever taught sincerely
What youth should plainly understand hereby,—

The devil's dirty yoke renounced by them,
And yoke of Christ resumed instead through baptism?—
This were a real, available repentance;
And might be well assured e'en to young infants,
Whether they live or die: aught else is nonsense.
For thousands and ten thousands are there here
Who, if they knew their danger, and could fear
What them awaits, what melancholy fate,—
How easily reversed,—the joy, how great,—
Of coming back to nature, truth, and God,
From the incumbrance of that cruel load
Of guilt, which diabolical invention
Provides for them, with priests to fix it on,—
Would fly with such repentance home to Jordan;
Were it but necessary, and there were
No Baptist hereabout, nor water near;
And soon the baptism in their flesh desert,
For baptism spiritual, formed in the heart.
But these men never call on God, not they!
Or only on their god FORMALITY.
[a]And robbing widows' houses, some will make
Long prayers: so these a longer suff'ring take.
Such men as these are too incorrigible:
No place will serve for them but lowest hell,

[a] Matt. xxiii. 14.

If they do not repent the earth upon
Still living, and make ample restitution
To parties injured; not to chatterwalings,
Sermons, missions, bawlings, callings,
Asylums, prisons,—secondary things;
Which are not injured by their wicked doings:
But by the same fed, spread, promoted;
As th' injured are to guilt and shame devoted.
[a]And have these men no knowledge that so bad
They are; eating God's people, as 't were bread,
And caring not, of course, to call on God?
[b]No knowledge have these men, how should they have,
Who take from men degrees, while God they brave?
Well; of this demonarchy, as you say,—
For no one ever means it literally?—
I do—
That devils are?—
As much as you.
And literally reign?
'Tis too true.
D' ye think words have no meaning? Search the Scriptures.
There may you read in striking characters

[a] Ps. xiv. 8. [b] John, v. 44.

Of [a] one who, like a lion, makes his tour
About the earth, seeking whom to devour:
[b] With tabernacles too—confederate
Against their God most high, whom most they hate:
[c] While other fools shall say, there is no God
In secret, if they dare not bruit the same abroad.
This would seem too almost incredible:
Yet certain is, as is the root of evil.
And but two chapters of the Gospel were
Enough to prove this, if men would compare
[d] Two parts,—by Paul a second second chapter,
And second second chapter by St. Peter,—
The man of sin exposing with his power.
Is there no *meaning* in renunciation?
Is there no meaning in a Christian baptism?
And prithee, what is 't that thou dost renounce?
Is 't aught that 's good, or naught? Now say; pronounce.
What ill within, and ill without us is,
The Principal too with these his two branches.
But where abide the fiends; where live, where dwell
On earth?
Not loosely; but in earth of hell,

[a] 1 Pet. v. 8. [b] Ps. lxxxiii. 5, 6.
[c] Ps. xiv. 1. [d] 2 Thess. ii. 2 Pet. ii.

A veritable conclave held on earth;
Which ev'ry evening takes its seat or birth:
A council real as ever sat beneath;
And fundamentally the same: one breath
Does animate both these and them: one flame
Receives them all;—all have one guilt, and shame;
One fate in fact: their forms are not more real
Than hellish character; which would appal,
Could you but see their plain original.
(And seen those characters, I truly have,
Thought Constantine in many a wretched cave.)
But how should you, my friend, such matters know?
You have not seen the government below?
And do you think 't is all done with consent,
That 's done by these under such government?
With the consent of principals, no doubt:
But of accomplices and dupes, without.
Assuredly you are a trav'ller then?
As you infer, I not always remain
Or here, or elsewhere dormant in one station:
I go as I am sent to any state, or nation.
With God I go where sent or duties call;
Or high or low, through heaven, earth and hell.
(Ah, 't is that voice thought he, come from the fountain!
But now I heard it; and 't is gone again.)

I should be thought beside myself, as [a] Christ
Was by his friends; if whatsoe'er I list,
And know, I said of this conspiracy:
Though all the world might know 't as well as I,
But for its sin and violent possession;
Which makes it blind to what is going on.
[b] Ah faithful city: how art thou degraded!
Thou 'st lost thy virtue; all thy charms are faded.
It was replete with judgment, the abode
Of righteousness; but now, of murd'rous brood.
Now is thy silver dross, thy wine—diluted.
Thy princes, rebels in a high regard,
Companions are of thieves; mad for reward.
They mind not, they! the fatherless estate;
Nor judge the widow's cause; nor heed her fate!—
But, as you take an interest in the place,
Sit down with me, and hear its hapless case.—
Seest thou the shades in my tiara laid?
I see prismatic shades on either side
A sable line which does the band divide.
Behold the model of its government:
Where by the sable, central line is meant
The church, lying its pallid poor between
And other shades of orange, purple, green—
While in its stroke divinity was seen:

[a] Mark, iii. 21. [b] Isaiah, i. 21, 22, 23.

But that 's withdrawn. Now look again, and say
What seest?
I see *no* shades; but, frightful gray.
Just so it has been here.—While Christ possess'd
The staying church, degrees on either side
Were as complete, harmonious, dignified—
As colours in the rainbow: but Christ gone,
Adieu to order,—and Spirit there is none:
Now all is discord, lust, pride and confusion.
See what may come by loss of principle!
'Twill make of any place a perfect hell,
When Christ is driven thence before the devil.
So 't has done here. I speak no allegory:
But truth sedate, and real, and melancholy.
I fear your statement is too literal:
Much of the same I 've seen, and know it well.
Therefore; since those who like deliberate
On moral means, as well as means of state;
Is there no mean, to break that combination?
Suppose, another raised in opposition?—
That were but adding one plague to another;
But nourishing the flame you wish'd to smother.
Will Legion crush, or cast out Satan ever?
This has been found a mischievous endeavour
By some who were more fond than politic
Found by the serpent with his common trick

Of proselyting guards, and all corrupting
Through that same mystery of his inventing.
And have you never seen (said he) a sight
To match their anarchy in sulph'rous light?
One word, one life, one light, one mind
In highest heaven you may expect to find;
Not many masters, many luminaries;
Not gangs and crowds of carnal deities,—
As God for all one light and empire is:
And so should be on earth for mastership
The light of Christ, with individual friendship.
Let those who are not yet confederate
With these look to themselves, mind what they 're at,
Avoid all unions; and from reigning sin
Themselves unspotted keep, as little children.
And were I king, all such things in the kingdom
I by all means would instantly put down.
Mind ALL, I say: it should be all or none.
Suffice it may one power in a place
To have; whose cause from God by Christ we trace.
Then would the people be one family.
Is it not union enough to be
All of one faith and blood in any city;
Or, if not all, yet principally?
What mean smaller societies 'mong Christians;
But to unsocialize them, and make heathens?

What is the secret of such unity,
If not to do what 't were a shame to see?
Much wiser were it, for all men to shew
[a] A clear example shining in all they do.
We 've had quite talk enough of charity,
Conversion, mission, and philanthropy:
Of lunatic asylums we have more
Than are much good; of Bibles such a store
As will not soon be read; [b] 't is men we want,—
Patterns of wisdom through the Bible sent,
To favour with their counsel, arms and custom
All those, and none but those, who love to trust them;
Being such men, they ought not to distrust them.
But none such trusty men, alas! we have:
How can it be where every man 's a knave?—
And true men—shall *they* not each other mind:
When * sinners sinners only will befriend;
Nor these, but only while they are progressing
In the high road to infamy and ruin?
No; bad although it be to have them single;
'T were worse, to have them congregate and mingle.
For let their pretext be as fair as 't will
They 're surely met upon affairs of hell.

[a] Matt. v. 16. [b] Jam. iii. 13. * Book V. l. 398.

And gen'rally the purpose they possess
Is opposite to that which they profess.
That they profess to them is never given;
But purpose opposite as hell to heaven.
In fine; truth, nature, and sobriety,
Virtue, religion and society
Are not the public objects of yon city.
A place so fallen with such abilities
And weight to see, indeed great pity is.
  Then should your weapons be sound principles,
With hands and handles form'd of just examples.
And this, O man, you call a good dependence,
Which keeps you without labour, food, attendance;
Or gives a prey to fraud and violence,
Distemper, disappointment, discontent,
Dishonesty, disunion, disagreement.
Religious comfort,—that you cannot have;
Nor hope of any good beyond the grave.
And he 's your idol who this nothing gave!—
Now mark what God in providence has given:
'T has given us every comfort under heaven.
[a] 'Tis he that giveth wisdom to the wise,
Informs their minds, and measures will advise;

[a] Prov. ii. 6.

'Tis he that stays the measures of the prudent,—
Gives room for their success, and gives acquirement:
'Tis he who gives the rich a real enjoyment
Of what they have by kindness and content;
And, best of all, who the same kindness gives,
To be the joy and comfort of our lives.
Thus are his *healthy, wealthy, prosperous.*
The wise, the prudent, truly rich and happy
All take of him, and by him all enjoy.
For he who gives us good a mind can give
The blessings to enjoy which we receive.
And for the good him pleases to withhold
We often are requited manifold
With other of more permanence and worth
In heav'n than any to be found on earth.—
For wind and rain, some sickness and distemper:
'Tis what we may expect, and must endure:
But that will not prevent habitual enjoyment,
Success in all you undertake with judgment,
And leaving all at last in sweet content.
Walking through life with God must needs be pleasant:
Pleasant each ramble over plain or mountain;
Pleasant each session by or tree or fountain;
Pleasant in all that we are carrying on;
Pleasant in th' effect, when all is done.

[a] Even to the wicked ingrate He is kind
In places where some fear of him we find.
'Tis only when things come to such a pass,
As all have left him, that he leaves them thus.

[a] Luke, vi. 35.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK X.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK X.

HEAVEN.

How oft have I admired that lovely strain
In David, [a] Come again ye children of men!
Come again to thyself YOUNG PRIEST, and there
For scenes unlike the past thy soul prepare:
Not now for scenes extending to the view
O'er red or green; but base cerulean blue.
Nor yet to this, as late to earth be bound.
He stands; yet feels nor gravity nor ground,
The bond of mortals: with new sense he hears,
And sees too,—pleased; all harmony appears
That meets his eye, or melts upon his ears:
While waking more, in tones sublime, yet mild
As one addresses to a waking child,
Or to Elijah came the still small voice
[b] On Horeb's height where he retired was,—

[a] Ps. xc. 3. [b] 1 Kings, xix. 8.

He hears, Behold thy Maker, Constantine,
Without an image! Worship the voice divine:
And worship all; the breath, the sound, the sense,——
And one reveal'd in these constituents.
But what I make, beget, or say to thee
When so obtain'd, that worship not for me;
Much less an image made with human hands:
Worship thy Maker, do as he commands.
I am his voice, his word, his second person:
He is the intellect that sets mine on:
And whom now speaking thou dost hear and see
Is [a] angel of the present deity.
Put thou me not in his, my Father's place;
As done long since to Javan's fallen race
By lying bards in Greece, that land of fables;
Nor place in mine what thee nor aught enables
To merit or perform, but much disables
For either part, if thou wilt let it be.
Let my example and my memory,
My poor disciples, and my service shew
My only presence sensible below:
While I enjoy with God above in light
A presence overpow'ring human sight;
And there with him the cause of mortals plead,—
Their woes recount, and state their every need.

[a] Isaiah, lxiii. 9.

I am the head of that great dispensation
Which God ordained in his only Son:
[a] Giving him—to the world a judge and Saviour;
[b] To God himself, an off'ring and sweet savour:
With angels, prophets, martyrs for his court,
Or person,—a right royal, holy sort.
Such was before the faith of Constantine,
Now happily confirm'd by voice divine:
And with him numbers of his own communion
Are join'd, I fain would hope, in this opinion.
No more is there to say or think of him
In any mundane presence at this time.
From fountain-side upraised to that high station
We leave him prostrate in his elevation
Before the Father by his Word reveal'd,
And Spirit,—[c] in himself for aye conceal'd:
While of the region high that heav'nly place
Which he appears to occupy or press,—
That high empyrean, paradise, or heav'n
To me no knowledge, nor the name is giv'n
I only guess its situation far
Beyond the sphere of any moon or star;
As [d] there is found nor moon nor star to light
The same; nor any turn of night.

[a] Acts, v. 31. [b] Eph. v. 2.
[c] John, i. 18. [d] Rev. xxi. 23.

But God himself is there for every light,
Of intellectual or corporeal sight.
[a] Spirits too for his presence he does hire
And makes his ministers of flaming fire;
Being himself of each the soul or centre:
So that of neither is there any being,
Or life, or real existence, but in him.
As in the followers of Christ there is
No being, light or life but his;
And all from God one glorious light here shine:
He is their being; they 're the light divine.
No sea is there, nor stagnant lake, nor pool:
But streams of life, and fountains ever full
Proceeding from the throne of God as clear
As chrystal by one source—appear;
Along whose banks the tree of life we find,
Without antithesis of any kind;
And trees twelve fruited, ripening twelve times yearly,
With leaves, to heal the nations shining fairly:
And objects more of many kinds there were;
Corporeal all, but lighter than the air—
In that abode of truth and purity:
[b] Where never any mode or moral may

[a] Ps. civ. 4. [b] Rev. xxi. 27

Reside that either stains or makes a lie,
Though all the world be drown'd in misery.
  Oh power wonderful and real to man,
Derived from heaven, where his career began,
And, if successful, it must terminate,—
That like his Maker, he can separate
His image from his person, and it send
Upon a mission to some ancient friend
With joyful tidings, or with new instructions
For his conduct, or some new productions
To some well knowing him, and still retain
That image in his breast, to send again
At any time, and to the farthest part,
Where one resides, and bears him in his heart—
His intellectual image to impart!
Or where his *character* is only known
He can by that reside with any one
In abstract, and by moral influence,
For pain or pleasure, scaring or defence:
And, more than that, his image can attend
In all its walks, to meet or foe or friend;
Or, it may be, some stranger quite as well:
And 't matters not from heaven, earth, or hell.
  But not to man the privilege is given
Of bearing images, which reigns in heaven,

To any pattern for a special mission,
And sending them by revery or vision;
As now his own from Constantine gone forth
Is seen by him with one of heavenly birth
In human form; but of what *sex* to say
Were idle for a state where all agree,
If not in form, at least in quality.
The dress—of stuff ethereal, as ours
Of earth; with grace for pearls, and light for flow'rs.
But what he most admired and I would praise,
Was the expression of that heavenly face
Beyond or dress, or form, or graceful features,
Which spirituals partake with other creatures;
Where angels from the highest as they pass'd,
The shadow of their graces seem'd to cast;
His own unshadow'd glory intervening,
Like light unveil'd, fair passing clouds between.
Oh for an heart to apprehend with me
A presence of that excellent degree!
Still prostrate fall'n in person, as before,
The monk in spirit falls, this to adore;
Much doubting in himself; while much he fear'd
To speak his doubts, or let his voice be heard.
For still he holds the genius of the stream
In combination with that heav'nly man,

Another voice, but not authority:
Then hears, and now adores real Majesty.
Can all these persons from one self proceed?
He thought, but dared not ask, nor had he need:
As still the still small voice continuing said,
I am the Word of Life alone from God
To all that he created born. [a]And all
Have seen his form in me as they were able
Waking into life,—*born*, yet eternal.
Be not dismay'd at what thou seest here;
As nought here is that can one moment bear
Comparison with what has been on earth,
My presence in the man of Nazareth:
[b]When God who formerly conversed with man
In word and spirit only, came in person,—
Adorn'd the human nature with his presence
Reduced to human limits, and to sense
Made obvious. [c]Which your eyes have look'd upon,
Your hands have handled, and your ears might own;
The word of life embodied in his Son—
To those who have the spiritual eye;
But others can his features not espy.

[a] John, xiv. 9. [b] Heb. i. 1. [c] 1 John, i. 1.

[a] For he who 's spiritual judgeth all:
But others judge not him who 's spiritual.
This word not hid now, as it was before;
But lib'rally [b] dispensed to the poor,
Or [c] sharply laid upon the evil doer:
Which, how it was received by the devil,
Patron of vice, might any read who will.
Oh, what great mighty work was there! What rattle!
Our God the victor,—Jesus, the field of battle;
Now [d] "it is finish'd;" now the world 's reta'en
By conqu'ring Three all suffering in One.
[e] The chariots of God are twenty thousand,—
Thousands of angels, and the Lord among them;
(Whom thou now hearest so allow'd for one)
As in the holy place of Sinai.
Oh heavenly Mediator, gone on high,
Leading captive man's captivity,
And thence receiving such high gifts for men
As may them qualify for God again,
E'en qualify his very enemies,
If they will turn from Satan and be his,—

[a] 1 Cor. ii. 15. [b] Matt. xi. 5. [c] Rev. ii. 16.
[d] John, xix. 30. [e] Ps. lxviii. 17, &c.

Thy God hath sent forth strength for thee.
Stablish thy work in thine, O God, and they
With kings and conquerors shall kneel again.
In *newly to be built* Jerusalem;
All for thy temple's sake remaining there
Scene of thy earthly presence, preaching, prayer!
And for the wicked which on earth appear;
[a] Be not afraid of their ill grounded terror,—
A trick which they have learn'd of hell's depressor:
But sanctify the Lord God in thine heart;
And reason give to all who ask thee for 't
Of the fond hope which aye thou bearest there—
With complaisance, sincerity, and fear.
Admire not, if more forms I bear to thee
Than one; as I am doubly One in Three.
I am not *the* but *a* person of God;
One out of Three in which He 's understood.
And either person is both God and Lord:
Not *by himself;* but all Three so compared.
For [b] there are three chief presences in heaven;
The Father, Spirit, Word,—in *essence* one;
Likewise on earth;—the Father, Spirit, Son:
And neither of these witnessing alone.

[a] 1 Pet. iii. 14. [b] 1 John, v. 7.

[a] None comes to me, nor can my form receive,
Except the Father lead him to believe
The same, and [b] Spirit quicken to perceive:
[c] Neither can any to the Father come,
Except therewith by me He lead them on.
'Twas so at first; when man was made and born
With heavenly talents,—and a kindred form
Of character allow'd delightful commerce
'Twixt heaven and earth, and angels did converse
With human kind,—till some their privilege
Abused: when there began a moral breach,
That soon [d] the very use of tongues did reach
Allowing men no farther word of heaven
Than word of man to merest brutes is given;
Nor each of other scarcely than to them.
In essence God, in form a creature;
[e] Inferior to the Father, yet the same;
[f] Superior to the Holy Ghost in name;—
BY ME, the Word unseen,—and not in form,
Did God reveal himself to faithful Abram;
Faithful before that ever he was sent,
And call him to partake his covenant,
THE OLD, THE EVERLASTING COVENANT;

[a] John, vi. 44. [b] 1 Cor. xii. 3. [c] John, xiv. 6.
[d] Gen. xi. [e] John, x. 29. [f] Phil. ii. 9.

Which from thy mercy, Father, took its rise,
At once a fruit and pledge of paradise:
Calling him from his tainted family
And all the wicked world before that he
Inoculated was with guilt by them,
And forc'd to sin beyond redemption.—
I do not class with these his nephew Lot:
Oh, what a breed! How brave a man was that;
[a] Who could have sacrificed his own two daughters,
To save the honour of two *gratis* lodgers!
BY ME thou cheeredst Hagar in the desert,
And its perpetual sovereign didst support:
BY ME thou didst the sacrifice restrain
Of Isaac; and me gavest to be slain
In Isaac's place, an universal lamb:
ALSO through Keturah a family
Larger, if less esteem'd than through Sarai.
WHO, passing over Esau [b] for the present,
Preferr'd the cause of Jacob and him sent
To make a fortune in the land of Charran,
And be the father of an holy nation,—
A NATION DESTINED TO MAINTAIN THE FAITH
AND FEAR OF THE CREATOR UPON EARTH.
WHO kept them by his providence in Canaan:
Then sent them into Egypt, and again

[a] Gen. xix. 8. [b] Gen. xxvii. 40.

Brought them to settle in their native land
By a long route and excellent command,
Having been train'd to form from slaves in Egypt
A model nation,—holy, separate:
Then in the wilderness inured to bear
With hardships, battles, wanderings severe—
A single destiny, and propagate the same
To theirs; that *they* might spread Jehovah's name
[a] As they were call'd to do in Abraham.
And now to them, the world an Egypt is,
An house of bondage, one wide wilderness:
Till I shall come, and lead you back to Canaan
By [b] one whom I have chosen from your brethren.
But Esau went, and daughter of Ishmael
His father's brother, took to wife; and all
The family of Abrah'm was restored
To Canaan by the leading of the Lord.
Israel only fix'd his residence;
Ishmael and Esau living both in tents.
Yet had the stock of Israel more trial
In the world, for being there preferr'd to all.
So that the elder two more want endured,
The younger stock was more to hate inured
Of foreigners, and oft through its own fault
Toward God: [c] WHO still was gracious, nor for aught

[a] Gen. xxii. 18. [b] Deut. xviii. 15. [c] Isaiah, lxiii. 9.

Would leave his people. Then was God their Saviour,
Their Lord particular, and their Redeemer:
Of all their sufferings had a kindly sense,
And saved them by the angel of his presence;
Rememb'ring olden times, and the great chief
That led them home with signs beyond belief.
WHO since has all the stock of Abraham join'd
In one great mass and girt it with mankind
By the primeval covenant made fast;
A bond that braces, and shall ever last.
If all do not, nor will its worth perceive,
Still mark it thou, still in its truth believe,
Or any other form in which I come
Of thing, or person, attended or alone.
For God the Father also comes in me,
And orders all things by my agency:
Not as of trump, nor lifeless oracle;
But bosom-friend, and sweet receptacle.
Yea; whether I come to thee in Jesus' form;
Or in word only, as I first was born;
The Father comes invisible in me,—
[a] Seen, yet [b] unseen to every human eye.
Thus then he comes; [c] and in no other way.

[a] John, xiv. 9. [b] John, i. 18. [c] John. xiv. 6.

He comes not then as in a flower resplendent:
But as in storms, the troubler and attendant;
But as in pray'r, the author and respondent:
The same in all the forms thou seest here;
The same in that which I to thee appear
As now, or else in word or spirit;
God primitive, God only God; [a] I swear it!
(Then ran convulsions strong through Constantine,
Hiding his face before the voice divine
Instinctively; as if Omnipotence
With naked eye he saw, feeling its presence,—
Saw in its form or sign what never eye
Hath seen; nor man, nor angel could espy,)
[b] And by the same too wilt thou bring thine own
Again from dismal depths; as thou hast done:
But walking singly and invisibly;
Not forced along in waves tumultuously.
[c] Then shall the Lord beat off from bed to bed;
And Israel one by one be gathered.
Thy adoration cease; [d] and come up higher,
Now disembodied as the scenes require,
That I shall show thee, both of things that be,
Have been, and shall be in futurity:

[a] Deut. xxxii. 40. [b] Ps. lxviii. 22.
[c] Isaiah, xxvii. 12. [d] Rev. iv. 1.

It said, or one was pleased to say thereby,
Who [a] with the contrite dwells, and dwells on high.
On his side too the presence of the man
Must have been changed, or like some foreign tongue,
Translated, to appear intelligible
In presence purely intellectual;
Except to one, who scans by fate his creatures,
As we consider them in form and features;
Or, as we take them mostly by their look
[b] Considers how they 're written in his book:
So that each person needs must seem to him
All that he shall be, not what he would seem
Perchance; from low to highest every one,—
From mortal merely, to each heav'nly son.
E'en now in Constantine he clearly views
The presence which his future story shews,
And infinitely more from first to last;
If e'er a last shall come, to close the past.
As first, one seeing what to every man
Is not disclosed,—the place where he began,
An higher paradise than on the earth
Was ever known, place of his heav'nly birth.
Of which a general notion has been given;—
An intermediate sphere 'twixt earth and heaven

[a] Isaiah, lvii. 15. [b] Ps. cxxxix. 15.

Of vast extent, and vastly visible,
Without horizon, or base spherical,
Or any other bound'ry than degree
Of sight applied, whatever that might be,
From "angel ken," to real infinity.
And what a spectacle was there to see!
The heavenly hosts assembling from afar
In all their splendid person and attire
Of ether; each one to his own position
Taking in presence of a royal throne,—
The Father's presence by his only Son.
[a] The Son 's in glory of the Father come,
By his own works to sentence every one!
And Holy Ghost, the comforter divine,
[b] Guide to all truth, now guiding Constantine.
Books too there are, and open. Here 's a court:
Attentive angels wait here to report
Proceedings. But the prisoners, where found?
Where we have seen; on earth, or under ground:
And hard to say, where the most unfortunate.
But be that as it may: now heaven is met,
And all deep silence; when behold from far
Appears what seems at first a speck, a star.
It comes, it trembles in its Maker's presence,
Dragg'd from below with its inhabitants,

[a] Matt. xvi. 27. [b] John, xvi. 13.

The proud, the haughty, the polluted earth,
Of which no corner but once thought its worth
Equal at least to that superior presence;
So taught by pride to think, and that old serpent's
Long train of partisans; which to defeat
With their connexions from the father's feet
There has been sent full many a righteous person;
Who [a] sanctified and sent at last his Son:
But all sent, as it seems, for some in vain,
For some I hope, not; being foully slain
In the Creator's cause; Son, prophets, all
Slain in the cause of God 'gainst filthy Baal.
And now assembled are both great and small
Of these conspirators to take their trial;
[b] Dating from Cain, the murderer of Abel,
With his, a cruel and unfeeling race,
And lying; [c] which from that first murd'rer trace
Their doctrine false, foul practice, and beginning,
Their wicked bond, conspiracy and sin,
Right soon to be revealed in the ears
Of Enoch's race: which next appears,
Raught by the ark of Noe from dissolution
First, and again by Christ's from that contagion.
There stood each mortal as he was interr'd
By sea or land; and there his sentence heard—

[a] John, x. 36. [b] Matt. xxiii. 35. [c] John, viii. 44.

All on a day, and each in his own person,
Presented by the earth in its rotation.
Now hear the opening and proclamation
In ev'ry tongue, brought home to ev'ry nation.
[a] Stand forth, all men, and be ye separate
To either side, as your deeds shall relate
To good or evil; that it might appear
Where you belong, what destiny you bear:
And as a shepherd separates his sheep
From wanton goats on either side, so keep.
First, to the right hand let the sheep repair;
The goats then to the left, and either hear
Their doom respective from the Son of Man,
[b] To whom, as such, authority is given.
Then to the sheep upon his right, the King
Speaks first: Come, blessed of my Father, bring
Your vows; and here your destiny receive
In realms of bliss; here ever happy live.
For I was hungry, thirsty, bare; and ye
Compassion took of my necessity.
Sick too was I, also in prison;
And ye of all my miseries had compassion;
My hunger and my thirst did kindly slake,
My sickness heal, my person clothe and take

[a] Matt. xxv. 31. [b] John, v. 27.

From prison, sometimes worse than death, or me
Did not forget, but view with sympathy.
Come: ever blessed of my Father be.
They answering say, Good Lord, whenever thee
Sick, hungry, thirsty, bound or bare did we
Heal, clothe, relieve, or view with sympathy?
Who sweetly answ'ring says again to them,
Ye helped me in the person of my brethren.
Then kindling as he view'd the other side:—
Children of Belial, unfeeling sons of pride;
Depart from me to everlasting fire
Prepared for you with your accursed sire,
(He said.) For hungry was I, and no meat
Gave ye; in prison, thirsty, sick, replete
With woe; and ye nor help'd, nor came to see
How I was served: no thought was there of me.
O Lord (say they) be pleased to recollect;
When saw we thee ill served, or with neglect?
In many an helpless friend, and child of woe,
(Said he.) Begone!—and to their fate they go.
The man o'ercome with awe and admiration,
Worships its Author in this revelation.
Who hast begotten us with thy Holy Spirit,
And by the Word of Truth: how great thy merit!
Precious, O Lord, the knowledge of thy ways
Is found; thy goodness and thy truth to praise,

And more to judge from what thou dost impart,—
Is found a precious, and delightful part.
For thus I judge, if thou our cause thy own
Art pleased to make, there shall be justice shewn
In ev'ry case: if they who are not kind
Must perish, much less shall the cruel find
Of mercy; if they who are not innocent,
Much less their purer living who prevent.
If negative offences be so dread,
Pains of the positive who may abide?
And those who, menacing the poor, now stretch
The neck at them; thou Lord wilt meet and teach
These men of mighty speech and feeble thought,
What bale they for themselves on earth have wrought.
[a]For being made by God in thee and out,—
In heav'n, in earth, in hell, and all about
The Judge of all mankind, both quick and dead,
To sentence singly in thy Father's stead,
Their final object, ev'ry word and deed,—
Though born to wealth, thou liv'dst among the lowest;
Whose suff'rings and whose wrongs therefore thou knowest.

[a] John, v. 27. Acts, x. 42.

Then ris'n again to power and dignity,
Thou learn'dst the due of fair authority;
And knowing well what 's best for every station
By plain experience, that thou wouldst have done:
As thou o'erlook'st not trampling on the poor,
So wanton license wilt thou not endure.
Thou feel'st for all, and frown or approbation
Metest to all, without respect of person.
[a] Yet, blind and foolish as I am, to me
It seems, O Lord, a painful mystery,
That troublers of the kind and innocent
Thou shouldst endure, Lord, when thou canst prevent
Their interference, and the abomination
More dread than death, which they obtrude on some.
[b] WHAT AN AFFLICTION for the virgin-wife,
Young, bountiful, accomplish'd, pure, all life,
Unknowing, unsuspecting such a case,
To find herself so bound to traitor base!
No matter what his form, accomplishments,
His reputation, favour, high achievements.
Oh horror! to be bound to such an one;
And worse,—to Baal by that foul connexion,

[a] Ps. lxxiii. [b] 2 Cor. vi. 14, &c.

By that same bond, O Lord, detach'd from thee:
As bound to both no mortal e'er can be,
Between such opposites uniting link
To make; whate'er some fondly think,—
To MAKE 'TWIXT HEAVEN AND HELL AN UNITY!
Pardon, O Lord, if I this mystery
In my fond ignorance must needs deplore,
Its explanation challenge, and still more
Reserve untold. For, oh the family!
And their preceptor spiritual,—what 's he?
THEN for the genuine scholar, clerk, apprentice,
To be or forced or gain'd, or bitter place
And bitter friends where he is put to find
With those who his protectors were design'd!
I, trembling, pitying, ask an explanation
Of all this ill, and what I dare not mention.
  Nor ought'st: by scanning such minutiæ
We turn the things of God to mimicry.
(His angel nought indignantly replied)
Thou askest things too deep, and things denied
To human science, but hast rightly guess'd
Of some: now come with me, and of the rest
Thy own conclusion as distinctly draw
From other documents that I shall shew.
  Then only on that WICKED MYSTERY
Let me some questions ask, O Lord, of thee.

The wicked mystery does all invite,
BOND OF INIQUITY all men unite:
If too thou wilt allow this vile connexion,
Might not some counter-union of thy own
Be well, their wicked schemes to counteract?
Gladly would some this purpose undertake.
That was the purpose once by me intended,
And by my own example recommended;
When I the passover did celebrate
With my disciples, and it consecrate,
By my adoption, eating my last supper
With them when *for* them I decreed to suffer.
This purpose afterward I did repent:
But ne'er was more mistaken in my judgment;
As God to some that institution sent
For good,—to other some for punishment:
[a] Having determined, that his Son ne'er should
Do aught amiss, nor aught *intend* but good.
Nor is he quell'd, though seemingly displaced;
But reigns, though fallen,—all orders, though disgraced.
[b] By him all things together work for good
To God's own children, [c] followers of God.
Their ghostly enemy is made to serve
These well,—his friends as they deserve.

[a] Ps. xci. 11. [b] Rom. viii. 28. [c] Eph. v. 1.

So here, [a] his kingdom to accelerate,
The worst were suffer'd to insinuate
Themselves into profess'd societies,—
Only, to cull from them what was amiss.
The devil gained none but his own children;
Whom he is free to keep, and none but them:
While many were recover'd to the Lord
By his Apostles' holy life and word
At first; but since it safer were, I deem,
With doubtful characters not to be seen
In private; though be seen you must in public
With them, when them on business you meet.
And honest men so far of that opinion
Are at present, that my pure communion
They seldom will expose to such corruption
As thou hast mention'd, or by feasts of love,
Or midnight watch, or any thing above
The ordinary train of sacred duty,
Which gives to such things little opportunity.
So heathens cannot such obscenities
Impute to me again; as if, like these,
By such things I subsisted: they 're a test
And [b] trial of natures, not to be express'd.
Each going to his own, which he likes best.

[a] John, vi. 70. [b] John, i. 13. 1 John, v. 18.

For albeit one might wander from the Lord
Through truth suppress'd and ign'rance of his word;
Yet let the test be sensibly applied,—
And he 's restored, recruited, sanctified.
The ignorant of course will any rite
Clearly of God profane by day or night.—
That troubles me, O Lord, exceedingly,
[a] I 'm horribly afraid for the ungodly.
No wonder all for some convicted or convinced
Of such things [b] should so much be spok'n against.
So may for sight of Satan sons of God;
So may such men as Noah, Daniel, Job;
Though Satan's presence they could not avoid.
Why should I lay traps in the sinner's way?
[c] 'Tis not my will, that any man should die.
Thus still they move through walks devised for man
Above; [d] where ev'ry planet has its own.
And seen if here is neither gloomy shade,
Nor stagnant pool, wild waste, nor swampy glade
For contrast, as on earth is often found,
To mark the varied charms which there abound;

[a] Ps. cxix. 53. [b] Acts, xxviii. 22. [c] Ezek. xviii. 32.
[d] John, xiv. 2.

No single scene by nature's hand is graven
So bland or grand, but has its like in heaven:
And one there was much like that known one near
The celebrated stream and fountain: where
They pause awhile in the enchanting vale,
'Mid soft acclivities, clear streams, and all
That 's soothing in the centre where they stand;
A vale begirt with one whole ring of land,
Soothing by all that gracious is or grand,—
With sights eccentric here, there with more smiling,
Here humble images,—there bold, aspiring.
No lack of aught that pleasing is in nature,
Without breach or predominating feature:
Not prospect split by mountains in the way
Of the horizon; nor by gulf or bay;
Not broken or contracted by sea views.
Well tinted was it with the fairest hues;
With all the heart desires, nought to refuse.
While grateful animation fills the dale,
And glads with all that 's sweet and natural
In session, motion, colour, sight or sound.
The ox serenely couches on the ground:
The ewe is browsing as the lambkin plays,
Or couching too; while he to make her rise,

Is leaping on her back; but still she chews
The cud for him, and skins of nectar brews.
  Hear how the songsters warble on the trees!
And buzzing at our side an host of bees,
Not self directed, each one as he will;
But by a mother-queen and general,
Ordaining wisely for the common weal.
  Here, Felix, take your train along the dale,—
And search the lily, violet, primrose pale;
Agricola with his the hill shall climb,
Soaring about the juniper and pine.
Caligula shall gather from the rill;
And Vates see what 's doing at the mill.
Use your discretion, my sweet Ariel.
Some to the north, and scrutinize its list:
Some to the south explore; and west and east.
See that you do not fall out by the way;
But yield to rank, and seniority.
The younger take the upper nectaries;
The elder—fresh ones flowering under these.
The wind will favour Nimrod in the west:
Mind, Nimrod, what your 're at. All do your best.
Your splendid thighs I shall expect to see
More melliform, and bless the bravest bee:
No fool, nor glutton ever comes at me.

The God of gods, and men, and humble bees
Be with you, and you prosper in your ways:
Bring you back safely to your hive and home;
Some with more wax,—more honey other some.
Now march: Oh, what a buzz! Now fly; begone!
  Here is a scene to comfort and amuse;
Not broken, nor contracted by sea views:
Native, not wild; sublime, not ostentatious;
No scene on earth more grand or gracious:
It was a scene the natural taste to please;
And such a taste had Constantine at ease;
As now he was, and own'd by grateful rev'rence.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK XI.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK XI.

HEAVEN.

Behold, Lord, how I bless'd the happy day
When to myself alone I found the way:
How much more bless'd was that, when first to thee
I found my way in this divine relation!
Still blessed be the light that leads me on
To further knowledge of thy glorious presence,—
Or with the Father or reveal'd to sense;
And of thine office too as Mediator
Between his creatures, and the great Creator!
Bless'd be the light for its discovery
Of long lost knowledge, and recovery
Of truths long hid by wicked imposition,
Or lost in ignorance, or sunk in superstition!

The growth and waning of such heavenly science
Resembles much the progress of the seasons—
From Noah's winter to the spring of Moses,
And summer with thy glowing presence bless'd;
More coming thereupon, with—next the harvest.
But [a] never shall we rue another winter
Like that which follow'd [b] Adam's misadventure,—
Repeated was in Babel and the flood,—
Has stubbornly the light of truth withstood,—
And would withstand, but for the grace of God
Coming by Jesus Christ; for which [c] we pray,
Thy kingdom come! and [d] Come, Lord Jesus, quickly!—
How sensibly I feel the privilege
Of coming to him by immediate knowledge
Of his high person—which thou art to me,—
Seen in thine angel presence heavenly;
As thou wast seen in Jesus bodily!—
And all have seen in various forms his glory:
Who governs still in his own glorious person;
Though feign'd to be supplanted by his Son.
Now shall I teach thy truth with confidence,
Having receiv'd it from thy very presence.

[a] Gen. ix. 15. [b] Gen. iii. 23.
[c] Matt. vi. 10. [d] Rev. xxii. 20.

But still there are particulars, I own,
That I would teach, and are to me unknown.
Then, said the angel sharply, mention one.
Forgive me then, if aught I mention should
Impertinent or too minute. I would
No syllable advance before my Lord,
Or to that might a scandal on his word
Or reputation bring: but "the last day"
Is not yet come, and seems still far away.
I know that God sees not things in succession;
But [a] their successions in his dispensation,
Which once proclaim'd they are all made and done:
But here are taken from that "generation"
A thousand years; or, as they say, MILLENNIUM,
Which to appearance is not yet begun:
[b] And scoffers there have been who could not stay
E'en for the lit'ral time to be gone by,
Before they dared thy honour to blaspheme;
Where is his promised coming? And thy name
Have made a very by-word, and a taunt.
Is God unmindful of his covenant?
Where is his off'ring—where the Lamb? (say they,)
Where is Messiah?—why keeps he away?
Or will he come again, or has he been?
Of generations, as we reckon them,

[a] e. g. Matt. xxvi. 28. [b] 2 Pet. iii. 3.

Full sixty between Christ and Abraham,
We reckon back,—more forward to our time;
And nature still remains in the same form
As before one was called, or th' other born.
Talk not of either: (tauntingly they say.)
Here is in either case the same delay;
Shewing that the primeval covenant
Was not to one, nor a new testament
To th' other singly sent: but all or none
Are born into that early dispensation.
  Thus the considerate—
And well they reason:
(The angel said) for the primeval order
Is not repeal'd, but thrown into disorder
By wilful disobedience, and rebellion.
  And, for the leading member of thy question,
As I conceive,—the epoch of my coming,
A type of which thou recently hast seen;
The day I never did profess to know,
Nor did my Father think fit to foreshew;
But his intention only, and its features,
E'en to myself,—his presence with all creatures,
Born in eternity, like all the rest,
A man by God,—the purpose of his breast
Foreknown but not determined, the first free,
And Father of All who my paternity

Shall own. Know then the time will surely come
Preceded by a glad Millennium
For saints on earth, and those whose pangs below
By lapse of ages short'r and fainter grow.
With humble thanks for thy great condescension
There grows another doubt from this conclusion
My breast within; which like a glass or rises
Or sinks depress'd with that it chiefly prizes,—
The knowledge of thy truth: so let me be
Excused for over curiosity,
If such it seem; and I this anxious doubt
Will speak: no government I know, without
Its terrors in this fallen state can be,—
The merciful design of purgatory,
As well as of its truth the certainty
I can conceive, detesting its abuse;
But still regret, that to all suffering
The grace of God and goodness should not bring
An end in ages, centuries, millenniums,
If it might not be granted all at once.
The worst—may not *that* too be purified?
Must *that* its shameful practices abide
In everlasting fire with Satan and his angels?
Or, if still not too bold, the very devils—

Silence! (the angel said) of them no mention.
Then with the worst of men?
[a] Talk not of them.
Thou makest an unequal intercessor,
In that thou dost but one party consider,
When there are three to ev'ry intercession
In case of doom or suff'ring for transgression:
The injured party first; then the offender;
Then he who finds the sentence, more than either:
As one who mingles justice with compassion;
While each of those shall only think of one,
As suits his part. And tenderness alone
May make a judge severe when there is done,
And clearly proved some crime of deeper die:
Which makes the mildest punish most severely;
As more they feel the wrongs of innocence
By-gone, than red scenes of prospective vengeance.
And justice has but little latitude;
As 't would seem if rightly understood.
[b] God has not left himself at liberty,
To pardon ev'ry sort of blasphemy;
Though for the merits of his *only* Son
In that respect deserving name or mention
He may be rather lenient with those
Who tow'rd his Son were never [c] rancorous.

[a] 1 John, v. 16. [b] Matt. xii. 31. [c] Ps. ii. 12.

And before pleading is the judge's will
To be consider'd; next—degree of ill.
Myself, as being with the Father one,
Can ne'er dissent from aught that he has done;
So all that he forgives by me 's forgiven:
And only that can be in earth or heaven.
Young pleader; thou 'st not well consider'd this;
Nor know'st as I do, how thy tenderness,
Wast thou a judge, might make thee half a tyrant,
Thou wouldest so another's wrongs resent.
Forgive me, Lord, if I too fondly feel
For hapless men consigned to the devil:
As I am one who never did rejoice
O'er misery, malignity, or vice;
Nor ever sided with one human party
Against another; but for all was hearty
In opposition to their common enemy.
I never flatter'd those of either sex
To ruin by some false, or filthy pretext;
Nor those of any rank to their undoing:
Nor ever did an erring sheep give over,
With chance or not, the wand'ring to recover.
Nay; though his case seem'd really desperate,
The person I could hardly scorn or hate;
Nor peremptorily prejudicate.

Some deem my sympathy impertinent,
While to myself I seem indifferent,
Considering my nature and my duty,—
And more than that—HOW ONE HAS FELT FOR ME.
Forgive me then. And much I doubt indeed,
Though thou such prayer now canst never need;
Nor would thine own backsliding have forgiven
Had it occurr'd, and such a power been thine—
Which never being had who could do wrong,
As possibly thou could'st in thy temptation,
When purposely reduced to that condition,—
That thou, thinking what 't is but once to die,
Much more to die and burn eternally,
And looking to thine own adopted species,
The objects of thy suff'ring, strife, and wishes,—
[a] Who ne'er didst ban with bell and book a woman
However bad, but bade her be forgiven,
[b] A miracle allow'd to thee alone,
[c] Though others may *declare* what thou hast done—
Would'st be as apt to pray for them as I,
But for the order register'd on high,
Of God's ordaining, who will not change, nor lie.
There is no room for fraud or change in heaven,
Best always to REPENT, where grace is given.

[a] John, viii. 11. [b] Matt. ix. 6, &c. [c] John, xx. 23.

And where extenuating circumstances
Can be allow'd, they will be in all cases
To men of all degrees, conditions, places,
For Christ's sake only; of whose grace it is:
If any will but fairly take his word;
[a] Shake off the serpent, and return to God.
Though these conditions may be never mention'd,
Lest they should snare the weak and well intention'd,
Whom Satan fain would gather round his den,
With only *mortal* worm and *gentle* flame,—
But for a thousand years, or only ten:
As timid, half-professing Nicodemus,
Or that more open hearted chief, Cornelius;
Each doom'd to expiation as he was
Irrevocably, with a many worse.
[b] Believe all and REPENT, if grace be given
On earth; [c] as small repentance is in heaven.
And all so far may be unanimous;
Some faring much the better,—none the worse.
Then let me hope if others needs must share
That [d] "everlasting fire," it will not be for ever?
[e] Behold, how I do in my bosom bear
Rebukes of many; which intended were,

[a] Acts, xxviii. 5. [b] Mark, vi. 12. [c] Num. xxiii. 19.
[d] Matt. xviii. 8. [e] Ps. lxxxix. 49, 50.

Anointed Lord, to fall indeed on thee:
What slander have I heard, what blasphemy!
And wilt not thou e'en suffer me to mention
What I have seen, and what is no invention?
For I have seen good honest folk and simple,
Good citizens and subjects, hospitable;
Yet for their lives through all their lives not able,
To clear their consciences, and extricate
Their souls from secret grief that did abate
All their enjoyments, and their smiles between,
Confess a somewhat wrong, a sense of shame,
Albeit the sin they knew not, nor its name:
And as in age they waxed, so in doubt.
Good Lord, thought I, hast made all men for nought,
But all their lives to fear and be tormented?
For not one have I ever seen contented.
And yet this cannot be a purgatory,
Where so much good we find, so much enjoy:
May not there then in hell be some deduction
Allow'd some on account of such affliction?
Can I a grandsire at the festive board
Advanced, and grandam smiling by her lord
With sons respected, daughters, playful children—
Contemplate, and likewise in every one
That inward shame, that universal symptom

Of latent, or, still worse, of actual sin,
Which stains their mirth, and spoils their Christmas meeting,—
Can I the objects that I daily meet
In company, or passing in the street,
With this or weightier mark now coming on,—
[a] All faces gathering blackness, and not one
But bears this grief, this mark of banishment
Upon his brow observe—myself content
Even with the paradise where thou art present?
[b] O Lord, thou art my God, and my delight:
Thy ways are wonderful: no mortal might
Abide thy presence and thy majesty.
Thou makest of thine own, thine honour'd city
An heap: the stranger's palace long to be
A ruin difficult to build again;
Though priests and parasites may still remain
Of mighty nations glorifying thee,
Because thou art a refuge to the poor and needy.
And thou wilt make in them walls for thy mountain,
Salvation for thy city, once the fountain
Of sacred knowledge; and a new enjoyment
Of sacred knowledge give for their repayment.

[a] Joel, ii. 6. [b] Isai. xxv.

In that same mountain too wilt thou destroy
The world's illusion, and in victory
The pow'r of death repel by faith in thee:
Its tearless grief express'd by more than tears
Shall cease; thy people and the man who fears
Thy name shall universal honour gain:
And this I wot, as I have read and seen.
BUT WILL NOT thy example, precious blood,
And all deserving, as allow'd by God,
Obtain of him the favour that I mention,
For present grief that future diminution?
Hast thou not said, [a] "Blessed are they that mourn"?
Oh think of this; and answer kind return.
Fond reasoner, and blind: (the angel said,)
What ignorance of facts hast thou betray'd,
That as we see on earth, even so in heaven
A sentence is reversible when given!—
Down to the grave for *any* change there 's room;
For none beyond: an everlasting doom
At that point all will surely overtake,
And be pronounced on those who nor forsake
Their sins, nor yield, and reparation make

[a] Matt. v. 4.

To man, and God's offended majesty:
Great as before their chance of life might be.
[a] Now 's the accepted time, now is the day
[b] Nearer than thought for, of salvation: grace
May be obtain'd on earth; here is its place;
Here are its means, its channels clear—
In kindred efforts and becoming prayer.
[c] No mart for mercy is there in the grave;
Nor prayers nor alms will there avail to save
Its subjects; but all their respective terms
Must be fulfill'd in fire that ever burns.
Nought helps one then, to wish he had been serious:
When he was vain,—sincere when he seem'd pious:
No more does it avail, such subjects all
Their evil destiny then to bewail,
And wish they had avoided sooner Baal;
When so they might without or pang or bale.
And now, making for such an intercession
Were but an insult to the heav'nly throne,—
Its wisdom, justice, honour, moderation.
Think'st thou, if otherwise it were, that he
Who DIED would not do more as willingly?

[a] 2 Cor. vi. 2. [b] Rom. xiii. 11. [c] Eccl. ix. 10.

[a] Heir to the world before the world began
[b] Lamb for the world from its foundation slain,
How can I choose, but patronize the same?
But should not you and I for others feel
Who suffer hard by these on earth as well?
Or not be jealous for my institution
Refused, abused, misplaced, disgraced by them,
And rival institutions through my kingdom?
We should indeed; I speak now of my own:
And if below there be no good in many,
There may sometimes as much in these as any.
There may be some the order to redeem
Through their great Founder's work applied to them:
But such there should be more, considering
How they have more, or should, of human learning;
Which helpful is, or should be to divine;
For which they have or should have harder reckoning.
But let me hope, if some of these must share
That everlasting fire, it will not be for ever?
Be not displeased, O Lord, if thus I speculate
For other men's as for my own estate,—
The most enduring, not most imminent
Of good or ill regarding for the present.
While lay physicians, justly more intent

[a] Heb. i. 2. [b] Rev. xiii. 8.

On their own calling, strive life to prolong,
Shall I not strive in mine with greater reason,
To liberate that life which has no end
From pain, and to its ease as much attend?
[a] Such was the cause for which thou didst me send
To "all that travail and are heavy laden"
On earth: then let me plead the same in heaven.
What joy one sees by chance—what exultation,
For *short relief* afforded by physician!
Much more should all for cure by Little one.
Or if, as thou hast said, [b] a sheep recovered
Be joyous, how much more [c] a soul delivered
From death and fear of death, which all one's life
Had harass'd one,—and made a wretched captive!
And strive thou for the *living sufferer* still;
But strive thou may'st not for the *lost* in hell:
For such a purpose wast thou never sent
But to [d] teach and persuade men TO REPENT
Where for repentance latitude is given,
Being on earth; and not in hell, if heaven.
So let me; so do thou enable me,
Who *nothing will pretend to do without thee:*
And then, O Lord, how happy shall I be!—

[a] Isai. xli. 1, 2, 3. Matt. xi. 28 Mark, xvi. 15, 17, 18.
[b] Luke, xv. 6. [c] Heb. ii. 15. [d] Mark, vi. 12.

WHO makes the humble penitent a feast
On holy mount to every nation bless'd,
And where he will destroy the covering spread
O'er all of them; (as mine he did for one,
When thither driven, and no other home
For me, save thy dear streets, Jerusalem:
Yet never happier seemed any man!)—
WILL death there swallow up in victory,
And chase his people's odium?—Not I:
But thou may'st deign to do all this *by* me.
[a] Peace to their priests!—And not for these alone,
But for myself I pray, being but one
Of all the shepherds lying at thy mercy.
[b] Behold, how I go mourning all the day!
[c] If thou should'st be extreme, to mark what is
Or left neglected, or else done amiss,
Who could abide thine awful scrutiny?
Be not extreme, O Lord: incline to pity.
[d] Remember not th' offences of my youth;
My vain imaginations, flight from truth;
Conceit, pride, arrogance, unfeeling slight
At home of those who made me their delight;

[a] Ps. cxxxii. 9—17. [b] Ps. xxxviii. 6.
[c] Ps. cxxx. 3. [d] Ps. xxv. 6.

And since,—*nor* aught to ill or nought that tendeth:
[a] For who can tell how often he offendeth?
And my addresses still so cold, that they
Content me not; nor more, I fear, can thee,
O Lord, my God, Creator and Redeemer:
That fault correct, O Lord; these not remember.
[b] Blessed the sinner whose sin covered is;
Who hath escaped from his iniquities!
And know, that many such indeed there be.
All men alike are taken by the captor:
Yet all that he has ta'en thou saw'st not there.
For some men are cut off in ignorance,
And sacrificed like Bethlehem infants:
These few will pass their sleep insensibly,
Until there come a grand delivery.
[c] Some die like dogs, without a Christian baptism:
And these will ne'er revive, or live again.
Some go to paradise for a short season;
And some at last are eternized in heaven.
Some doubtful are of guilt; and yet will dare
To please themselves: these have a middling share.
Some, knowingly transgressing, judgment brave:
And judgment without mercy they shall have,—

[a] Ps. xix. 12. [b] Ps. xxxii. 1. [c] John, iii. 5.

Their dreaming horrible, and waking worse;
Waking or dreaming, all their life a curse.
Heaven's heaviest judgments may not seem severe,
If thou its majesty and truth compare
With the prerogative which high tribunals
Do arrogate on earth o'er criminals.
Judge not, O man, judge not, I say, that all
Have sold themselves, like Ahab, to Samäel;
Or talk'd with him, like his Chief Spiritual.
Nor let it ever be supposed, that all
Worship alike that filthy demon, Baal.
Some worship the true God by a wrong name,—
Some only suppositious gods, like Rimmon:
And some are awkwardly bestow'd, like Naaman;
Yet serve with all the heart no God but one;
As the great number serve in form alone.
The first are subject to a moderate fine,
As thou hast seen; the next, to everlasting pain:
And while those suffer but one short millennium,
These last will suffer many a thousand thousand.
Some faintly strive, or impotently yield;
While other some [a] choose rather to be kill'd
For love of Christ, that dying they may go
To where He lives, and not to fiends below

[a] Matt. x. 39.

For ever pent in everlasting flame;
As [a] loss it were such wretched life to gain.
But such as mine, in heart considerate,
Would rather long lament than e'er forget
The present downfall of their high estate.
And do not I, O Lord, thy people to
Thy grace returning see? I think, I do:
[b] I see it in their outward poverty;
[c] I see it in their shame and misery,
[d] And their rejection by bad company.
I have known some of that wild levity
That they, than sorrow would much rather die,
Come what come might of their iniquity:
May thine ne'er cease to mourn till they enjoy
[d] Its blessing, and their grief by grief destroy,
With other means behoves them to employ!
So be it, Lord: and then, how shall we thank thee;
How love, desire, adore—sufficiently?
How oft have I desired such company
As thine! Then leave me not: stay, guardian, stay.
For other matters would I hear of thee;
And not alone by way of explanation;
Of scenes terrific; of hell and—

Say on.

[a] Matt. xvi. 26.
[b] Matt. v. 3, 4.
[c] Luke, vi. 20, 21, 22, 23, &c.
[d] Matt. v. 4.

When thou of late didst bid me mark thy form
Whatever it should be—in thing or person,
Methought of the much canvass'd Trinity;
Of which I have some notion, but from thee
Would more expressly learn how it may be:
For other means no longer are in use;
Blind are the wise,—most catholic, contentious.
And thou wilt not deem me inquisitive
For seeking that by which I seek to live;
Since thou hast said, or one hath said in thee,—
[a] Thus knowing, is to live eternally.
And surely no one but a very fiend
Would cross one's studies to that worthy end.
Much I desire to know of God and thee,
And of myself, and of futurity.
Of those ethereals still more would I know;
And of that wretched contrast too below;—
Not to exult, but more with the intent,
Those whom I can't admire still to lament.
Thy curiosity legitimate
I own, approve, and mean to satiate.
But as thy human forces, never great,
Begin to flag, obtain we first a seat;
Where thou may'st hear of all that thou desirest,
Still finding such repose as thou requirest.

[a] John, xvii. 3.

On that he leads him to a fragrant bower
Combined with hoya and the passion flower,
And plants of monstrous leaf, with fruit between,—
Good both for drink and shade; as I have seen
In Eastern climes, but could not ask their name
For want of modern tongues; (the more the shame)
Nor fancy much the juice like countrymen.—
The seat was cheap e'en there, as the blue ground:
But what one saw therefrom on turning 'round
Was not a cheap, but glorious spectacle;
And one to Constantine this time more novel,
And fair as new. It was a grand sea-view:
Where motley mountains stood as if they grew
Upon the lucid wave: while peering through
Their most eccentric sides and grotesque figures,
Ships pass, volcanoes smoke, floods roar like tigers.
Here is a mountain rising to the moon;
Here one has undergone decapitation;
Here one looks as it had been cleft in twain,
And only one half standing did remain.
Yon coast in bas-relief has sports of nature,
With many an artificial and prodigious figure:
Here brutes in converse, there a gladiator.
Here men ride horses, horses ride each other:

While overhead the variegated sky
Reflects across the deep variety;
With pleasant foreground, not too short—nor wide;
Unbroken, blue, stretching to the green tide—
And curling foam, between them to divide.
So sweet a view as that is seldom seen.
Yet cannot Constantine their former scene
Relinquish without thinking of the fount
Where he so sipp'd and laved, and was wont
To meet the spirit of his heav'nly guide,
By nature's law more solid mean denied.
And as he felt this pleasing recollection,
He ventured to submit the following question,
But duly prefaced, to the angel; who
Kindly replied in terms that I shall shew.

I ne'er return'd, my lord, from that clear fountain,
But grace and peace I seem'd to carry home:
Came it from thee in the guise of a Naiad;
For what consideration was it had;
That with the same I may be always glad?

Thy question, if not wise is innocent.
No Naiad, nor inferior I present:
But [a] always one above myself is meant,
So 't is with ministers on earth who dwell,
When they be not more ministers of hell.

[a] John, xiii. 20.

[a] And for each new supply of peace and grace
By water shed in that, or any other place ;
Know that 't is for two species of ablution,—
First of the spirit, and next of the person.
For the fountain of grace is very clear,
And mixture or pollution will not bear.
First wash thyself with water, then draw near
With heart likewise from evil purified ;
[b] Ask what thou wilt, and thou 'lt not be denied.
(He further said), now listen well to me :
As first I am to speak of Deity.

Uprose then Constantine, and on his knee
Uncover'd, bent this knowledge to receive—
Fruit of the tree of life by which we live.

[c] "Whom God hath sent he speaketh words of God."

Said he, as to the ground his head he bow'd.

What standeth not in time or place (he said)
Before a creature may not well be laid,
Were he an angel: yet th' Eternal Spirit,
[d] Living in all, is felt in those who merit
By means fore-given this sublime distinction:
And without means is he conceived by none.

[a] Heb. x. 19—22. [b] John, xvi. 23.
[c] John, iii. 34. [d] Acts, xvii. 28.

I am to thee his presence, and one mean
Whereby the Deity is felt and seen,
As in his other works and works of men
By faith or inference the same we scan.
For art is but of nature the reflection:
'Tis nature reproduced, its bright perfection.
And I, a good work of the Deity
Exist, as much as any that by me,
He ever made, or I e'er made by him;
Whether it were a simple observation,
Or character, or the divinest man;
Both in one spirit ordering the same.
My works, as I am, must be thine, O Father,
From the beginning; though in character,
Virtue, Enjoyment, they be all mine rather.
All them which thou hast given me, too, are thine:
[a] And so all mine are thine, and thine are mine:
And, Father, I am glorified in them;
[b] And to another will not give my glory.
From what thou 'lt hear, it may appear, that I
Am not God of this world originally:
But one below; [c] who still retains the name,
And power likewise with consent of men.

[a] John, xvii. 9, 10. [b] Isai. xlii. 8. [c] 2 Cor. iv. 4.

The world, thou know'st, came out of paradise.
When [a] I, its life, ascended through the skies:
Thou know'st too, how sin then became its ruler,
And all the world was join'd to Baal-peor
In such a way as will not mention bear:
Except, that here and there a righteous one;
As Seth and Enoch, Noah, Abraham,—
Seed of the woman, were join'd to Elohim:
And what God did, such seed to separate
From all the world; though it might seem too late
In that so deep and general corruption;
As when God sent me to reclaim possession,
[b] I was rejected coming to my own,
Cast out, and kill'd with many a righteous person.
Be seated now; and farther thou shalt hear
Both of myself and others in this sphere;
With those in one to which thou hast alluded
And thy own order too by that deluded.
THOSE in this sphere whom passing thou hast seen
Are heav'nly messengers, which go between
The different degrees of heaven and space,
To wait on such as rule or serve in place.
[c] So waited they on me living in earth;
So wait they still on men of humble worth:

[a] John, i. 4; v. 26, &c. [b] John, i. 11. Matt. xxi. 39.
[c] Matt. iv. 11. Luke, xxii. 43.

While other angels are more stationary;
Having to each assign'd his planetary
Sphere, or sidereal; as the case may be.
Archangels these are named, and angels they:
But all alike in principle agree;
All of one Spirit are with God and me.
And which had their appointment in creation:
But I obtain'd long since my generation.
That wretched rebel whom thou would'st lament
Was first appointed to an heavenly planet,
But thence ejected for a malcontent.
A star he wanted, and a star he fell,
Stripp'd of his earth, down to the depths of hell.
Happy for earth's whole race, had he not risen
To earth again—rebounding from his prison!
But God above is merciful o'er all:
Who knows of what the bad are capable;
Yet will not punish first to its extent,
Adjusting to their guilt its punishment
In nice proportion. And as never bad
Are worst at once, respect thereto is had;
And tale of woe not weigh'd to latent evil
Until the measures of iniquity be full.
So left he Lucifer a roving rebel:
As rove he did to make of earth an hell.

One of my father's fairest planets he
Converted to a scene of misery
In general; as 'tis to be seen,
With only a few partial traits between
Of that sweet paradise, which it had been,
And will in proper time appear again.
For [a] when God saw there was no longer man,
And wonder'd likewise much, that one of them
Whom late thou sawest did not intercede
For that lost planet now so bad in need
Of rule, and of some heavenly potentate,—
To stay its path, ere it precipitate
Should wander thence in endless space and flight,
Flaming before the stars; and so to night,—
Towed off by ministers in form of fire,
As such a form of service might require;
And as a smoking raft or floating furnace
Through starry fleets by coward artifice
Propell'd in southern or Quantungian seas
Is towed away, or sent before the breeze,—
Then God was hurt by such unkind desertion
Of this unhappy planet, no exertion
Made to avenge its wrongs, or it to save;
And taking righteousness for his salvation,
His helm and breastplate,—loosed his indignation.

[a] Isai. lix. 16.

The devil and his angels all were driven
Throughout the injured earth,—and down from heaven.
So fell the whole connexion of Baalim
For fault of Lucifer, the proudest of them.
But the chief of their host, old Bel or Baal,
Was not so bad himself before he fell:
No more was Lucifer, his eldest son;
Whom he indulged, to be by him undone.
Whence came in after time the false tradition
Of an old god that did his sons devour
Dethroned by one of them in evil hour
For man, thus losing sceptre soft of lead—
Third dynasty, to have an iron instead.
But harder is the rule of sin than iron;
Much sharper pains its ebon rod environ.
And thou, young man, thy share too must abide;
Born as thou wast, of God, and bless'd beside
With his election from thine early tide.
Let that suffice: be not inquisitive,
To know how all things are, but how to live
As one united with the heavenly host
In God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
In thee I 've striven, that thou might'st saved
(Fallen, as thou art with all, but not depraved)

Repent by grace, and have thy sins forgiven;
Escape from hell, and find thy way to heaven.
This, said the voice divine: and keenly felt
It was by Constantine; who, as he knelt
With bended head before that living shrine,
Saviour of all, (replied) the praise is thine,
With God the Father, and the Holy Ghost,
Of all we fairly do or fondly boast!
[a]By this I know, O Lord, thou favourest me;
That I 'm no triumph for the enemy.
Whoe'er have I in heaven above but thee,
Or whom on earth of thy sublime degree?
Who didst thyself a willing sacrifice
Afford for earth condemn'd, and otherwise
A prey to flames ere now; therefore its Lord;
Therefore the Saviour of humanity.
Thus and therefore the Father loveth thee;
Because thou wast the only one that dared
The fierce encounter: all the rest or fear'd
The vast resources of proud Lucifer,
Or felt not that concern which thou didst suffer
In bosom smooth as yonder smiling sea,
And warm as 'round the base of Stromboli,

[a] Ps. xli. 11.

A part of thy peculiarity;
Shewing, that those were never born, like thee,
Of God; but in some other type, as we
Again are diff'rently born from they;
That is, with less address and more alloy:
Yet no impeachment to divinity;
As thou wast born in full humanity,
And so continuest to this blessed day,
Willing and doing with thy God alway.
[a] Hereby too know I my own God in thee,
That thou art good and merciful as he.

Painful must needs have been thy separation
From kindred spirits and an heavenly mansion,
Only to judge from this fair specimen,—
Hadst thou sunk from thy sphere one small degree:
But sunk to earth, mix'd with humanity,
Although [b] still living in his Father's bosom,
Would not be ventured by another son,
To save the earth from flames, its forms from prison;
Lest he should lose himself, thinking to gain
Their cause for them, or the same to maintain.
[c] Therefore will God ([d] thy God) exalt thee highly;
Giving a name beyond all name or memory,—

[a] Matt. v. 45. [b] John, i. 18.
[c] Phil. ii. 9, 10, 11. [d] John, xx. 17.

That at the name of Jesus bend should ev'ry knee
Of things in heaven and things below that be,
And bow the head, and ev'ry tongue confess thee—
To God the Father's praise, and ample glory.—
[a]But how can he rely on ministers
With no more feeling for their fellow creatures
Than the forementionʼd have, as it appears,—
And all the splendid gifts they may inherit
From their divine progenitor, or merit
In other ways however real and great?
Suppose now Lucifer were coming back
With his new devils, to renew th' attack;
Who should repel?—(The angel fairly smiled)
Excuse my simpleness, being a child;
As [b]through the same I often am beguiled.
But what in such a strait men could do here
For that, or why they came—does not appear:
Such men, I mean, as Enoch and Elias—
Particularly; since there have besides
Been men on earth, no doubt, as good as they;
And no discredit to their quality?
What next wilt thou think fit to ask of me?
Suppose an error found in the indictment
Which sent them hence to earthly banishment?—

[a] 1 John, iv. 20. [b] Ps. lxix. 5.

For even angel-juries may mistake;
And need good watching for the prisoner's sake,—
As well as check, when they find carelessly.
[a] So God hath charged his angels once with folly,
And made them feel it too most wofully.
Suppose men wanted for some mean employment,
To men in heaven no disparagement,
As it would seem for those to whom 't is given,
[b] Where all are greater than the greatest men?
But more to ask was Constantine prepared:
Which being noticed by his heavenly guard,
And time now failing,—he that trouble spared
His most loquacious charge, whose childish prate
He had enjoy'd; and soon ends the debate,
By Constantine, his former style resuming,
To terminate the same at length compelling.
Well says St. Paul, [b] Though many gods there be,—
As there are many gods, and lords too, many:
Yet only one to us, and Thou art he,
Pattern of light, and love, and purity.
For what is Satan, what is Lucifer?
Jove of the Greeks,—a wretch, unnat'ral lover:
Who has been set up for the Lord Jehovah!

[a] Job, iv. 18. [b] Luke, vii. 28. [c] 1 Cor. viii. 5, 6.

All Satan's are such lovers: see the bond
That binds them here, and stretches under ground!
A dreadful yoke; which by Jehovah found,—
To break, [a] he gave his sign of circumcision
The first—long time before his call of Abraham,
[b] Adding thereto the milder sign of baptism
In place of what some mean by confirmation.
But as the first delivery of either
To all uncertain is, believers rather
Will choose to leave the first and keep the latter;
Except the seed of Abraham under order
Express, to practise always circumcision,
[c] Sabbaths, and sacrifice; which clearly strengthen
Our self-devotion to Jehovah's cause,
As better known are universal laws,
Which ne'er shall cease; though sacrifice fulfill'd
The typical displaces, [d] which must yield.
And mark the moral of these hellish crews!
No wonder it is what mortal they abuse,
If they the Lord Jehovah so traduce!
And how more justly the great condemnation
Can men deserve, or ruin for a nation?

[a] Rom. iv. 11. [b] John, iii. 5. [c] Gen. ii. 3.—iv. 3, 4, &c.
[d] Gen. xxii. 8. Dan. ix. 27. John, i. 29.

See WHAT CAPTIVITY THIS HAS PRODUCED;
WHAT MEN UNMANNED; WHAT LANGUAGES TOO COST!
[a]Such was the pristine cause of its confusion,
When the universal language went to ruin;
Sland'ring Jehovah, as mankind have done:
And for the same its fair remains have fall'n;
Till nought of it remains, save yell and jargon,—
E'en to receive the fruit of inspiration.
Well merits such abuse such condemnation
For every tongue in use and ev'ry nation.
If I must go to hell, yet not with them,
Hateful blasphemers of the Heavenly Being!
[b]With whom 't were hell on earth still to remain:
If I 'm to suffer long in purgatory,
'T will seem the longer, that THOU art away;
Or shorter, if short, for hope of joining thee.
Yet having made the earth a paradise
To me by thy dear presence; otherwise
I hope it will not be where'er I go
To me of that bereft, or high or low.
  But not for rebels is there such purgation,—
No help for rebels during their rebellion;
Whatever may be done for their conversion.

[a] Gen. xi. 7. [b] Ps. cxx. 4.

There is no place nor station for the rebels;
But with their kindred sort, with daring devils.
Did ever any man or woman hear
Of king on earth who would the presence bear
Of daring rebels *free* in his dominion,
If he could capture them, and send to prison?
But none can doubt the power of God in heaven,
To capture and to cast out any one.
There are but heaven, purgatory, hell
To last,—in which should daring rebels dwell?—
Let men consider this at once, and well;
And be no longer blinded by the devil.
But, Lord, I am most dreadfully cast down;
Because I cannot feel the God I own.
Ah! should there be in this case some deception,
Like that now practised on Jehovah's sabbath
And rites which thou thyself didst use on earth,
And I but knew it, I would sacrifice
All I have written for thee piece by piece.
However; be my meaning understood:
I OWN THE LORD JEHOVAH ONLY GOD;
AND CHRIST, HIS ONLY SON,—be who he will.
And art thou Lord that PROFITABLE SPIRIT;
So kind and good beyond all my desert?

Forgive the doubts which my poor bosom fill.
Alas! [a] I am well nigh distraught with zeal
For the Lord God Jehovah—
[b] Do his will;
Then shalt thou more his awful presence feel;
And of the doctrines which to thee I shew
With greater certainty shalt likewise know.
[c] It is the will of God, that every one
As he the Father honours, so the Son
Should honour too; as bearing his commission.
[d] God made the world by him: [e] he is of God
Real substance; as are all things of the word,
Which they express from him, and self-prepared:
And [f] what they ask of him accordingly
Believing they receive, as ask'd by me.
But pray to God without this only mean;
And thou attention canst nor give, nor gain.
When next thou pray'st the Father, let me pray;
As he requires, and more attentive be.
Thou know'st by thy experience full well,
[g] As likewise signified by my apostle,
Thou hast a contradicting principle—

[a] 1 Kings, xix. 10. [b] John, vii. 17. [c] John, v. 23.
[d] John, i. 3.—Heb. i. 2. [e] John, i. 1. Heb. i. 3.
[f] Matt. xxi. 22. [g] Rom. vii. 22, 23.

In thee long since infused by the devil,
To choke the good, which was more natural,—
And of which still some old remains men trace,
[a] But only now enjoy of God's free grace:
[b] The first of these still says, Ye shall not die;
And still has power, to make believed a lie,—
As well as doubted any verity.
And still men take his word most foolishly
In opposition to their own experience
Which I have stated as my evidence.
Be not thou so misled; have more good sense:
And if thou have not power to still a doubt,
Appeal to God by me, and he will do it.
It is much better, than to strive absurdly,
To force a faith not natural to thee:
Then if thou find it not 't is not within thee;
Thy case is bad, and thou shalt surely die:
Yet may thy frequent prayer so signify,
That still thou shalt not die *eternally*.
[c] Increase my faith, as thy apostles prayed
In sight of miracles to me denied:
And which too I can easily forego,
If thou thy present care and comfort shew.
But many pardons ought I, Lord, to beg:
For many times I have such scruples had;

[a] Eph. ii. 8. [b] Gen. iii. 4. [c] Luke, xvii. 5.

And still each time, as David said so I,
O Lord, [a] "It is mine own infirmity,"—
"The years of the right hand of the Most High"
Remembering, and splendid evidence
For all my faculties but outward sense,
Which I have given up by composition,—
Hoping myself, to furnish an exception
[b] Of faith by sight—to the necessity;
Such faith at best being but slippery.
And, as for faith in thee by self-compulsion,— 870
It is an hollow, fanciful invention;
And mischievous too, more than thought by some:
So is the faith of artful theory;
While [c] loaves and fishes are the faith of many.
'Tis only from the dictates of thy word
Well kept, that truth like thine can be inferred:
[d] Not by the unregenerate, to whom
Is not reentered the desire of wisdom;
Nor any but the *subjects* of thy kingdom.
Be I content with the plain evidence 880
Which thou proposest,—PLAIN EXPERIENCE:
And [e] "foolish" as I am, abundantly
That sort of evidence I can enjoy.

[a] Ps. lxxvii. 10. [b] John, iv. 48. [c] John, vi. 26.
[d] Prov. ii. 10, 11, &c. John, iii. 3. [e] Ps. lxxiii. 21.

[a] For me thou rescued'st from the miry clay,
Settest upon a rock, and taught'st my way:
While, if thou leadest any man astray,
Then wert thou false, [b] thou should'st deserve to die.
But thou hast brought more men to God than any,
[c] Unlike a rival or an enemy:
[d] And no man ever comes to God without thee.
[e] Thou wast the life of man originally,
And didst him leave with an affinity;
[f] Which now thou citest as thy Father's will,
The VOICE OF NATURE; which his children feel,
Which was obey'd by thee on earth, and still—
(The angel bowed assent) like a true angel,—
Since that thou art, and yet both God and man.
The case is clear, the doctrine simple and certain.
The Holy Spirit gather'd at the stream,
And God the Father, as its head or fountain—
Would never favour any such illusion
As this must be, if the Three were not One;
Nor so disdain the faith of a poor person.
But pardon still, if I should doubt again;
[g] And lead me never more into temptation,

[a] Ps. xl. 2. [b] Matt. xxvi. 66. [c] Mark, ix. 39.
[d] John, xiv. 6. [e] John, i. 4.
[f] Supra, l. 817. [g] Matt. vi. 13.

[a] As thou didst lead th' apostles to a distance
By calling home thy spirit and assistance,
To teach them caution and more diffidence.
But doubt I may, and do much worse without thee:
Thou art my prop, my stay; be ever with me!
  Grant me, O Lord, I pray one special favour,—
That, once made thine, I may be thine for ever;
And not like some [b] who, given to be thine,
Take thee at first; then to themselves decline,
Seduced, false men by their own vanity,
And never lost in any case by thee.
Make me the thing thou likest, Lord. For thou
Well canst; and as thou lik'st thy liking shew.
Enable, make, compel me—to reflect
The light thou sheddest from my Architect
Return'd by thee in honour and respect;
That [c] I to men may let my light so shine
As they may own its author for divine.
  Almighty Father, [d] give me to thy Son;
Almighty Spirit, teach me to be one
With them and thee in sweet communion;
All saints and angels come and help me on.
[e] Behold, O Lord, how that I am thy servant!
Cast me not off; but keep me innocent:

[a] Matt. xxvi. 31. [b] John, xvii. 12. [c] Matt. v. 16.
[d] John, vi. 37. [e] Ps. cxvi. 14: xix. 13.

My honour stands in being thy dependant.
And me, when God has given me so to stand,
Let not the world from my dear Master steal,—
Nor yet persuade, to set up my own weal
Instead of his, his honour, and dominion.
To be a medium of thy great renown,
I may be well content, to lose my own;
As thou for thy employer would'st have done,
At once [a] his image, [b] harbinger, and [b] Son.
Meanwhile I would not in hell's wretched station
Be idle, if or rule or reformation
Might be promoted there by my exertion.
[c] But, gracious Lord, cast me not from thy presence;
Nor tear thyself from me when I go hence:
So long as I have held the pen for thee;
Or I may say, the blessed Trinity,—
The Three in One to which I am baptized,
And bound by bond sure as can be devised
Most gladly; having still declined its service
Long time ago in days of ignorance
And scarcity of pastoral assistance.
Give me the comfort of thy help again;
Let thy free spirit ever me sustain:

[a] 2 Cor. iv. 4, &c. [b] John, v. 43.
[c] Ps. li. 11, 12, 13.

And then in hell itself if well I may,
I 'll preach thy kingdom and its mystery;
And sinners shall converted be unto thee.
For neither wast thou by thy Father sent,
To call the righteous; nor with that intent
Didst thou send me; but rather, them avoiding,
His angels fly; and souls in sin subsiding,
Arresting, rescue from their misery.
When we have done our work, 't is time to parley:
And term expired in that unsocial place,
Such parley might my future being bless,—
Bless'd too with seeing of thy form again,
Which to the time will in my heart remain:
So will thy lingering accents there resound;
And felt shall still be all these charms around.
[a] Have I not mark'd thee in my bed awake,
And [b] own'd as I did leave my rest or take?
[c] I have enjoy'd thy tender sympathy
In many a case, and often wept with thee—
[d] Loving unseen, enjoying through belief
With joy unspeakable, and cheering grief.
And have I not thy absence too regretted
On gracious opportunities omitted,
Or eager haste to calls like thine ill suited?

[a] Ps. lxiii. 7. [b] Ps. cxxxix. 18.
[c] Isaiah, lxiii. 9. [d] 1 Pet. i. 8.

In spirit I thy presence have enjoyed
Before on earth through many a walk and ride
Deliberate without a friend or witness:
But before now didst thou ne'er deign to bless
My sight and hearing with this sweet perception,
And shew thy presence in so pure a person.
What I likewise enjoy, admire, and note,
Is the delightful feeling hereabout,
Which cannot be ascribed to circumstance
Of any kind, but thy delightful presence;
Without[a] a lawyer, scribe, or Pharisee,
To watch thy words and fright thy friends away.
Oh hasten, Lord, thy kingdom to complete!
Soon may'st thou have thy foes under thy feet;
While wicked troublers out of sight remain,
And God is all in all by Christ again.
Peace! (said the angel, rising from his seat)
Go, take thy pleasure, and expatiate
In this high region; or else hold debate
With thy own species lower if thou list.
Thou seest yonder track in the empyrean;
That follow'd will conduct thee down to them,
And to the heaven of the solar system
Described among the rest by its rotation.

[a] Mark, xii. 13. Luke, xx. 20.

Far hence—up to the heaven of heavens I tend;
Where worlds of worlds their gen'ral axis find.
For there now we 've a duty never miss'd;
Nor yet by earthly beings ever witness'd,
Except that heaven-born, condescending one
Who joins it [a] seated on his Father's throne,
And leads the chorus of the heavenly throng.
Nor thither go the sons of God alone,
To pay their homage; but, to take of one
The light and life and love they hold in common.
This said, both parting from their pleasant session,—
One sinks to join his fellows, th' other flies
With those who heretofore had all been his
When [b] God for his 'foresaid humiliation
Was pleased to raise him to an higher station,
E'en to a seat upon his own right hand,
[c] All power in heaven and earth at his command.
And much delighted Constantine appears
With what on this descent he sees and hears
Of his own species—whether fall'n or not
More than in Adam, and saved without spot,—
Or sanctified by Christ and hither brought.
Here sees he sheltered from an earthly tomb
Enoch, Elias, and p'rhaps other some:
But most observed he father Abraham,

[a] Col. iii. 1. [b] Phil. ii. 9. [c] Matt. xxviii. 18.

As fresh and firm as when he lived in Hebron.
There too he saw St. Peter and St. John;
And was encouraged by his gentleness
The last of these apostles to address,
Nor spared information to desire
Of him; who gave what he could well require
Concerning the estate of saints in heaven,
How their own matters in that state have thriven,
And how their pains for suff'ring saints below;
How they descend in spirit, and there go
Among the poor, and poor among the great;
How for their master they negociate
By [a] other spirits which they find on earth
Inspired by God to men of heavenly birth.
ALL THIS he ask'd, and more desired to question:
But the saint bade him sleep, or still sleep on.
So bade, or seemed to bid, divine St. John.

[a] 1 John, iv. 1.

MILLENNIUM EVE.

BOOK XII.

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HEAVEN, EARTH, AND HELL.

A MAN had slept now full two days, a third
Was waning as he still slept on; then heard
A sound that roused him from his sleep, and scared
His very senses; as a sound to shake
The cedars round and cause the hills to quake,
Much more him prostrate on the ground to wake.
Yet, waking swift, scarce could he ope his eyes
For glare, or keep his senses for the noise.
He finds himself transported from the brook
Where he began to sleep as he did look
Upon and listen to its murmuring rill,
While all was peaceable around and still,—
To scenes and objects of a diff'rent nature,
Towns within walls, without—an aceldama;
In ev'ry part—the ghastly form of war:
But having still his heavenly tutor near.

And now behold what in the distance seen
A shadow spreading o'er the sandy plain
They might esteem, and next—it seemed a flood:
Soon horsemen were discern'd; and soon there stood
THE LAURELL'D MESSENGER swift as he could
Bring up again directly at their side.
Give me who has aught drinkable he cried:
This instant give it: I 'll not be denied.
Here, take my leather cruise, said Constantine.
Not much it holds, but what it holds is thine.
Now give the news. The right I trust has won?
Right? yes indeed, said he; yet always wrong:
And, tossing back the cruise, was quickly gone.
Then shudder'd Constantine, the angel blush'd
As to their minds a dark suspicion rush'd,
That this Right Wrong could be but Lucifer;
Right for the party, wrong for all that 's dear.
And Constantine has marked the cheek suffused,
Not knowing whose it was. But while he mused
At sight so rare, the crowd came gathering on
With mottled flanks, while all the centre shone
In armour glittering by the noonday sun,
And numbers such—that while its wings appear
Immense, there seems no closing in its rear.

A winding narrow valley lies between
The plain so fill'd and such another plain
Bearing the city, from which lists on lists
Of anxious gazers join these colloquists.
For through that country with its ancient base
There are such valleys—wrinkles in its face
They 'd seem much like, could we its features trace
From overhead exalted in the skies,
And thence observe how all the country lies;
With—on this side sights usual near cities;
On that side scatter'd tombs, caves, cottages,—
An horrid, barren site, and full of stones,
That make it look as 'twere bespread with bones;
And specially around one nameless cave,
Or long abandon'd sepulchre or grave:
Which though internally with fresco tiles
Adorn'd, as outward seen our sense beguiles
With the idea of that wretched pit
[a] In front of which the Psalmist once might sit
Surveying his companions' bones like chips—
Or singly bleaching, or by chance in heaps.
And to this aceldama, field of blood,
Just opposite to where the parties stood
Are drawing torrents on the other side:
They halt; they fall back some, and some divide.—

[a] Ps. cxli. 8.

Upon the platform of that dismal cave,
A funeral pile is raised, and there they have
The fire and wood prepared for execution:
Now say of whom?——Of Iphis and Amumon!
The angel views all coldly; Constantine
Views nothing. 'Tis not for an heart like thine
Attuned to kindness, honour, friendship, justice,
To look with steadfast eye on sight like this:
But while most huzza, gladly looking on,—
His sight retires again, and he is gone.
What he had seen before, though in a trance,
Was real, like [a] truth reveal'd in ignorance;
Where some particulars perhaps are shewn,
But more remain, to make that some well known.
What he *sees now* is real, and seen as done;
Without a shadowing, or trance, or vision.
Yet in the fate of either fallen chief
We see a fate almost beyond belief;
Because unseen is how the same began,
By what reverse, and by what means it ran
So quickly to this lamentable issue,
And wide of that which late we had in view.
For either then had clearly his advantage,
And opportunity enough for each:

[a] Isai. xlii. 19, 20.

Amumon on his side keeping the field;
While Iphis led a force that would not yield.
How came they then, or *either*, in this state
So opposite to all one should anticipate?
That is the part I have now to relate.
But first to make my narrative as clear
As might be wish'd, I must go back to where
I mention made of foul and filthy treason
Begun by parasites against Amumon,
And well repaid by General Execution:
Which if successfully described may lead
To knowledge whence such treasons oft do spread.
For 'tis one cause displayed on either side
That does the mischief; let what will betide.
'Tis lust and pride with those vile combinations,
The plague of kings, and secret bane of nations;
Which, in whatever sphere they may befall,
None gains by, none; they are the plague of all:
Of every class they are the plague by turns;
And every class their hateful presence mourns.—
For commonwealths to fail, no wonder is,
When over such cabals cabals of princes
Presiding have no time for public service;
Nor e'en sometimes their own affairs to manage,
Giving the other class a great advantage:

As we have seen in ancient Greece and Rome;
And even in thy state, Jerusalem;
However from the nations separate
Thou wast at first, and flourish'dst in that state.—
But only think now of [a] a mighty one
Like King Darius troubled by such men!
This shews indeed, how ill their pow'r is known.
Not that men like it, but the fact appears
Inevitable; and inferiors,
Rank after rank, through all the world must rule
While all the world is governed by the devil,
In rank himself the last and least of all:
A clear example, as we needs must own
Of what they call the world turn'd upside down
By serpent cunning wrought in every one.
Did God but govern by the world's Redeemer,
We should see an inversion of this order,
With due subjection of the lower to higher;
A COUNTER-REVOLUTION for the better.
However, to the honour of Darius,
[b] He did at last that princely pressgang justice,
Spite of the devil: him who sets them on,
Framing their projects, confidence, and weapon.

[a] Dan. vi. 18. [b] Dan. vi. 24.

One should be sorry to traduce the devil:
But surely he 's the root of all this evil;
And glories in it, as one might conceive;
And some must know, if some will not believe.
  THIS CASE before explain'd, as no new bale
Explains the secret of my mournful tale.
For at a crossway in the road were seen
Two cringing spectres through eye-glasses peering,
Bowing to each other, grinning, leering.
  And who are you from all the world? one said.
  None of your equals: one of them replied.
  Seize we them, comrade, said again another;
And to our captain lead—
                Hold, hold, dear brother:
These are unearthy beings: let them bow,
And leer, and grin till daybreak, and below
Wherefrom they came, they must descend again;
There longer than they wish p'rhaps to remain.
But after more congeeing they depart,
Toward Iphis one, one toward the other part;
Where sage Amumon rescued, as I said,
From danger imminent, is now betray'd
And undermined through discontent excited
By some foul parasite and his united,
T' avenge the slaughter of their guilty crew
Richly deserved; as I of late did shew.

Here too, while Iphis pines with discontent,
A strange disgust perambulates his tent,
And seizes all but brave Hilarity,—
With his companions gone to serve a lady
For this same purpose placed in jeopardy,
That is, to call away brave Hilary.
For while Hilarity hung o'er the tent
Disgust was never seen, nor *discontent.*
This was what Lucifer and Parasite
Had long desired; and now they think they might
Advantage take of his own people's treason
For bringing this, their best ally to reason;
And have brought to this pass two gallant chiefs:
As gallant each as in the world there lives
Another of his station or degree;
One snatch'd from danger, one from victory.
Amumon's fate, I fancy, is more common
'Mong generals than gen'rally is known:
The story of the downfall of brave Iphis
More complex and likewise instructive is;
For cognizance of which I must recur
To other doings in this *moral* war,—
Like his entrusting, though a foreigner
By gallant nation with their sov'reign power:
Which was not done of course without regard
To his great worth, and somewhat that appear'd

So taking in his character and mien,
That [a]they who but his presence once had seen
Would give their eyes almost to see 't again.
THE CAUSE; that [b]Satan coveted the man,
And thought to sift him well by means of them:
So gave them mutual interest and affection.
This is a common case, e'en among brethren,—
To love a good one, not for any good:
But set on by *a bad one* for his blood;
As for the blood of Abel he made Cain
An impious rebel and a murd'rous man,
As for the blood of Jacob he made Esau
[c]A fratricide intentional, and outlaw.
Then came the passage of the mine and spring,
And hesitation, with such murmuring
As I have mention'd, and the fierce debate
Of those assembled to deliberate
On sage Amumon's and his army's fate:
When all determined to retaliate
On their own gen'ral his rare escape.
So Iphis is arrested and condemn'd
For treason never thought of, and they send
Him to a Golgotha with mighty band,
A mod'rate army of some thirty thousand.

[a] Gal. iv. 15. [b] Luke, xxii. 31. [c] Gen. xxvii. 41.

This grand exploit, this generous reward
Of soldier true as ever drew a sword
Was antecedent to their *full* reverse:
For then they would not, could not use him thus.—
Let never gen'ral, nor a meaner man,
Depend on such cabals: which if they can
But flatter him into their vile dependence
Will not be pleased until they send him hence.
Such power has the devil on their will:
So works he them, to most invisible;
And they serve him, as 't were by covenant.
So let them serve, I say; myself content,
If no concession he can wring from me
Beyond some superficial levity,
The index of a merry heart that would be,
Could it but other hearts contented see.
Meanwhile Amumon hears of this disgrace
Befall'n his foster-child; whom to replace
In every point before to him denied,
He purposed; by this trial satisfied,
That in the features to him prophesied
Not one had fail'd; though still he rued one reason,
Why Iphis should not be his happy son.—
Not much time was there for deliberation:

He summons his immediately to horse,
And, to spare bloodshed, in excessive force.
Full twenty thousand brilliant cavalry;
All Urban's mounted force, in fact, has he:
And leaving orders for some infantry
To follow, with some field artillery,
Is soon encounter'd with the enemy.
But, oh the villains! oh, the horrid treason!
No sooner is the onslaught well begun,
Than on a signal given by Parasite
In air, Amumon's men no longer fight;
Their ranks are entered by three times as many,
Like wolves among a flock seeking some prey
Particular. But he will not be taken;
Nor shall, if it depend on his brave Urban:
The others all forsake him to a man.
Pity it was, that Amumon e'er took them,—
Leaving the insulated enemy
To watch, by far the best part of his army.
But he o'er wain-bridges is stolen away;
Taking the same direction with Amumon,
Whose army is soon up, and after them.
  T' explain the secret of that revolution
By water-working now so lately done;
It was without much cost of ammunition;
Simply in breaking through a slant partition

Between some hollow gulf and head of water:
As that man oft had done, being a miner,
To drain deep workings, one beyond another.—
Five fathoms wide a lake ran the whole way;
And for its depth in parts, no man could say,
How great, rough, and unequal it might be.
Some camping near it were drawn in, and drown'd;
While it completely closed the camping ground:
And for their goodness might have closed it still;
Making a prison for the incorrigible.
There 's nothing staunch and incorruptible,
But men of truly Christian principle.
Our saviour-champion had as moral men
As any in the squadrons of Amumon;
Yet [a] they could fly, while only his in name;
For them, while *truly* his—impossible:
But these are any one's who 'll pay them well.
What is 't in Urban's hand? is 't fire or steel,
That so it sparkles? Ah, there 's nought but lightning
Can penetrate so dense a foe as thine!
Thy sword has taken cuts to cleave an hundred,
And cuts bestow'd that have some twenty sunder'd;
But all its giving still appears in vain,—
Amumon's captured, and brave Urban slain;

[a] Mark, xiv. 50.

While some shake hands, and some across the plain
Make off with their two leaders met again,
And joyful in each other's company
So far, as to forget the danger nigh;
Till Iphis notices it, and allusion
Is made thereto between him and Amumon.
Whether they mean to torture or to kill,
To bake in this similitude of hell,
Or gradually to waste with glowing heat,
We know the worst that can us here await.
SHORTEN OUR LIVES THEY MAY, BUT NOT PROLONG;
Nor pains inflict both durable and strong.
But, dearest father, if our lives permit,
Explain your strangeness, or at least acquit
Your Iphis of ill doing or desert:
For why? [a] Your hate has cut me to the heart.
Why was I while entirely wrapp'd in thee
Compell'd to triumph for the enemy,
Or live and die at home ingloriously?
Then, where was next the terrible offence
That left no room for pardon or repentance?
Tell me, dear father, if convenient;
That I may know my faults, and all repent

[a] Ps. lxix. 21.

Before I suffer yon impending fate:
Tell me, O father, ere it be too late!
  Then with real tears did venerable Amumon
Embrace his humble and discons'late son;
And would this explanation have begun,
But for the savage multitude around;
Who mark'd their action, and his utt'rance drown'd
With cries for execution: yet not there
Was he, but labouring in the rear.
While, still endeavouring his own voice to hear,
Amumon speaks at last in accents clear,
And audible enough for Iphis' ear.
  Ah son, thou sendest me to diff'rent scenes
From this, perhaps the last that now remains
For us on earth:—then all so dear, delightful;
Here on the contrary; disgusting, frightful:
Not that our fate in fact is the less hopeful.
Now list, my son, with these rude rebels' leave,
And of such fate the mystery receive.—
As then it came to me one evening
Alone, and anxiously considering
Whatever might by God's will be the issue
Of this last war that may be, but then new:
For principles cannot like territories
Be pacified by fixing boundaries;

But aye the more their boundaries are fixed,
The more contentious they will be and mixed;
Until at last the case becomes decided.
So now it is; now all the earth 's divided,
And must by heaven or hell be soon presided.
So ran this train in my imagination;
Until there came at length this prepossession;
Which to myself I uttered as 't had been
A voice descending straight to me from heaven.
" Mind, old Amumon, how thou goest to war
Unarm'd with pray'r and sacrifice. Prepare
To lose thy sons both in one day, if cast—
At once, and die in triumph with the last."
And now, behold our fate as it is written;
Shewing the certainty of this prediction.
Urban has fall'n a glorious sacrifice
Within this hour, and no strength or device
Appears that can us rescue from the power
Of all these wolves that would our soul devour
Were 't possible: but not for any teeth
Are these; all they can take is our poor breath;
Which let them have. Then seem'd to me like death
Thy parting for the war; as, if my son
Thou should'st become indeed, I were undone.

Loud wept both chiefs, as one came to relate
The end of Urban, though a glorious fate.
They were surprised:—no shame for once, to bleat.
* How my brave brother do I still deplore,—
Though lost to me, or I to him before!
(Said Iphis: and Amumon wept the more
For having them unwittingly divided;
Though he too could not help what fate decided.)
There fell the prime of all his father's kingdom,
And my acquaintance in his generation!
Oh tell it not before the parasite;
Nor in the camp of Lucifer recite
Tidings so grateful to their hateful spirit
As the lamented fate of virtuous Urban.
Albeit we know, that he shall rise again;
And for his fall more fresh and glorious,
As flies the fabled Phenix from his ashes.
Of all thy jibing and morality
There is an end—with thy urbanity:
Now quite as pleasant, and an angel be!
Likewise on this myself I gratulate,
That if I die, 'tis not with those I hate;

* 2 Sam. i. 17, &c., imitated.

But by the side of those I truly love—
Suff'ring for nature, truth, and God above.
  But now, returning to yon savage tribe,—
I wish, I could their hostile throng describe
As they were ranged, or met and multiplied:
Though now there 'gan to be a few seceders
Made by the bearing of those gallant leaders;
But not of chief priests, Pharisees and scribes,
Nor pimps and parasites, nor aught besides
Like them incapable of admiration,
For want of sense of worth to fix it on.
There were chief priests, scribes, Pharisees, as said;—
Or lawyers, doctors, prelates and the trade,
A ghastly group; and dismal show they made
Against two champions by their sort betray'd,—
Not by particulars in any close profession,
But chiefly heads, and men with good possession;
Though even of them some feel a little shame.
Had they felt shame in time, and not too late,
It might have had some influence on their fate.
There was indeed a little coming to
Among that class. Had it been going through,
What mischief might the closing have prevented!
But now 'tis signed—your fate, to be tormented:

And that not for a season, nor a day,
Not for an age, or cycle, but for aye.
  Now Iphis to Amumon turns again
With
    Honoured father, nothing does remain
For you and me at present, but to suffer:
So lead the way you in this path of honour.
  Not I, my son, have thou the leading rather.
  Then thus conjoined (said he) we lead together.
  No more could they, though link'd, hear for the clamour
Which from the now divided multitude
As they proceeded arm in arm ensued;
Some glorying in their fate, some crying shame:
When 'twixt the suff'rers and that cave there came,—
With noise and rushing like an hurricane,
A bleeding, breathless band of cavaliers;
And in pursuit a well arm'd troop appears
Of thrice their number: but two they have gain'd
A match for most. The battle is maintain'd
By few in midst of many a thousand,
Till most of them lie bleeding on the sand
Where Execution takes his fatal stand,

And where the Red-horsed Knight is seen to grin.
These things are all marked by the citizen.
But where 's Eudoxia? Where is Constantine?
Nay, where is Lucifer? Where is Samael?
The Parasite, Formality and all?
All here, with all their kindred, great and small;
And more than named there seems by one at least,
Or more by one than has been yet express'd,—
Where lonely seems by yonder lonely tree,
An isolated olive it may be,
A female figure with dishevell'd hair,
And rags, and face in tears, and bosom bare.
Oh, how she cries to heaven! and for whom?
Not for herself, nor any other one:
Nor yet for two, nor yet for three alone;
But for herself, and other three now gone
To fate of war by her as yet unknown.—
Snatch'd from her home by a returning band
Of spoilers slaying all who dared to stand
In her defence, and still by women held,
Eudoxia 's hurried to this fatal field.
And she was fair, just coming to her zenith,
But older seeming then through present grief:
Where though a silent solitude appears
Her plaints are felt, as if the stones had ears:

And second female now of different mien
More thoughtful, brown and matron-like is seen,
Attended by some natives of the country;
Whom leaving, to Eudoxia she draws nigh:
And being persons both of education,
Though mutual strangers, they join conversation,
Broken by sounds of fight still going on.
  This fight is like a show of gladiators;
Or wild beasts bled in amphitheatres,
With numberless tame animals surrounded.
Yet through the vale by which such fight is bounded
Might one observe a recreant citizen
Some spoiling, some dispatching of the fallen,
Most rife against the þest, but sparing none.
And so fast fills the valley in some places,
That some would cross the fall'n as on a glacis,
To stab the back of some contending champion
Of nature, nature's God, and his religion:
Then to their dunghill backward skulk again.
It was indeed a cruel sight to see
Such heroes sent to Tophet in that way:
And that now seems to be the fate of many
Among the many fallen on either side,
As either from its fund is still supplied

With champions for its cause; and none but they
Dare shew aloof, the rest are scared away.
Hell pours her minions forth abundantly;
And heaven in earth has likewise some supply.
Brave Hilary by degrees is quite done over,
And falls still striving with his arm to cover
Iphis—remark'd by eagle-eyed Amumon:
Who mourns the honest warrior as a son.
Hilarity, Urbanity cut off from earth!
There goes all pleasure, plenty, mirth.
What can we here expect from this time forth,
But savage humour, stern misanthropy?
The zeal of cut-throats, foul hypocrisy?
Starvation, swindling, insincerity?
Better (he cried) ten thousand times to die.
In this case too no choice for us remains,
But fair to die, or roast alive in chains.
Thank God, I have no followers to consult!
All have me left: behold now the result.
He said; and straightway setting spurs to horse,
Against the thickest throng directs his course.
Then turning to his men,—My friends! (said Iphis.)
All, all, (they cried) all, all, as thine are his!

And like a pack of hounds through stubble-wheat,
Hallooing, ALL are borne in file elate;
But 't is not far: their mischief is not great;
Like what we read sometimes of wonders done
In chivalry. Here is too much exhaustion:
They shine awhile like meteors, and are gone:
Not one will yield: so slain is every one.
Here Iphis and his friendly foe, Amumon,—
This—bold, yet mild and gentle as a lamb:
A sage in council—That, in field a very lion,
[a] Together,—but not yet to rest, lay down:
Nor came as yet the infant-king to lead them.
But come he will; and so will they be led,
With others, like them, rising from the dead.
Here lie all as they fell, *here lie* unburn'd,
Unburied, unregarded, and unmourn'd.
Here lie they all promiscuous as they fell,
In readiness when Christ shall send and call
Their names, to rise again in order of his roll.
Their chance of life was desperate from beginning:
But they have shewn themselves downright good men,
And martyrs; HAVING THRICE THEIR NUMBER SLAIN.

[a] Isaiah, xi. 6.

But for to say where harbours now the serpent,
I must go back, and changes past present:
Especially beginning with a wonder
Prepared in heaven above, though acted under;
[a] A woman clothed with the sun of power,
And treasures rolling in from every shore;
Who rules, if not the tide, at least its burden,
And twelve rare states combined in her dominion—
Lo, travailing—is watched by the dragon;
Of whose proceedings after his ejection
By heavenly angels from that sphere of bliss,
And doings upon earth with imps of his
More recently—I 've spoken hitherto,
And now the object of that watching shew.
'Twas to devour the burden of that woman
The moment she was eased of it, a man
By heaven ordain'd, to dislocate his power
Preparatory to its dissolution
By Christ the Lord of all, the only Son
Of God, [b] who all things made by, and for him:
Of which this earthly province is a portion
That must be brought into the Son's subjection,
And thence [c] through him restored to God again.

[a] Rev. xii. [b] Col. i. 16. [c] 1 Cor. xv. 28.

[a] So Moses was ordain'd to lead the chosen race
To Canaan, [b] dragging Pharaoh from his place:
[c] Not for himself to reign, but the ETERNAL WORD;
[d] Which first by him to Israel appear'd,—
And since has been confirmed by the Lord,
Coming himself to Israel in person
Preceded by [e] another Moses, John;
Whom he foretold, that he might [f] shew the Son;
[g] And it shall be required, if they not hearken.
No king reigns ever for himself: he is
A king for God,—a bridle for his enemies,
And so this infant is preserved by heaven,
To be in readiness for its design;
And person being well identified
By marks infallible thereon descried,
Put out to nurse, though not perhaps on Ida,
Nor other mount of which I have the idea;
But where he is maintained by Providence
To be one of its ablest instruments
On earth of peace and order for a season,—
Ruling the nations with a rod of iron

[a] Ex. iii. 10. [b] Ex. xiv. 17, 18. [c] Deut. xxxii. 52.
[d] Ex. xx. 19. [e] Deut. xviii. 18.
[f] John, i. 29—35. v. 33. 45. [g] Deut. xviii. 19.

Before the golden presence of Millennium;
Precursor therefore to that only Son
Of God, and leader of his second coming.
  Oceans of trouble that brave woman had
Only for being in this manner made
An instrument of Providence for good.
And brave she was, trusting in the Most High,
To keep her true,—and true her family
Within doors, and without; however many.
She was not arbitrary, nor capricious;
Unmindful of the poor, forsworn, ambitious:
But ruled with female ease, and manly wisdom,
And good advice her vast dominion;
Which of itself were crime enough for Satan:
And that was nothing to the son she bore.
So when the infant he cannot devour,
He turns his malice on its favour'd mother;
As in like instance he before had done,
Making a mother witness to her Son,
Stretch'd on the cross for crimes of guilty man:
Such parts are acted o'er and o'er again
By those [a] who die with Christ, with him to reign.
  [b] Now flies on eagle's wings, like force of gas,
This tortured mother to the wilderness;
Where Providence has ordered her a place*

[a] 2 Tim. ii. 11, 12. [b] Rev. xii. 14. * For 25 years.

Contiguous to the scene of that great meeting
Particulars of which I am reciting;
Having proceeded to her friendly greeting
Of sad Eudoxia in that solitude.
The serpent cast out of his mouth a flood,
To drown her; but the earth it swallowed.
(Some never think upon the earth they tread.)
And then the dragon, full of discontent,
Raves more and more against the righteous remnant
United, and conducted by Amumon;
As mention'd in the front of this narration,
And finally in its abrupt conclusion.
There raged from rear to front dire EXECUTION;
Of which one act to serve the citizen,
And every other sort of peaceful men—
Was view'd by such with general approbation.
For now, assisted by the Red-horsed Knight,
He leads th' assassins to convert their spite
From rare Amumon, Iphis and his men,
No longer objects for their spite or spleen,
Tow'rd some in either army trying them
To set against each other, now their work is done:
Which note the gulls, and for retaliation—
Erect two rows of gibbets on the plain.
Good pay for a stipendiary nation;

All mercenary manslay'rs, miscreants—
Who lived by slaughter,—made it their dependence.
These took he forcibly from either side,
And hang'd them on the gibbets till they died;
While many whooped thereat, and no one cried.
And many such things did he there beside.
But now all eyes are ravish'd by one sight,
The sight of one who late an humble cit
Appear'd; but now is seen an angel bright:
Whose heavenly form 'twere idle to describe
In earthly terms, which are nowhere supplied
Convenient for a notion of that presence.—
Clothed in linen; girt with the gold of Uphaz;
His body like the beryl, and his face
And eyes like lightning,—arms and feet like brass;
And like that of a multitude—his voice.
His presence may be judged by its effect:
For there the fighting ceases, there aback
The cravens press too on this hither side;
As [a] he raised both his hands, and thundering cried,
[b] There is an end! Capture now they who will:
Kill and be kill'd all they who like to kill:
And be they dead who may, or doing well.
Stay here God's people; others, down to hell:

[a] Dan. xii. 7. [b] Rev. xiii. 10.

While on the other hand, [a] up from the dust
Let some arise to shame, and some to trust.
Shine like the brightness of the sky, ye wise;
And like the stars, who others well advise.
There shall be many purified and tried:
But they who wicked will be must be wicked.
[b] Perish, who think of no god but the sword,
And women haters: live, who love the Lord.
Go down both church and state of scimitar,—
The church and state of Baal and Lucifer:
Up, up—the power of peace, of God and nature.
[c] Fallen the false prophet is: the Lamb now reigns:
Now let the heavenly dynasty advance,—
Too long restrain'd by vice and ignorance.

So spake [d] the angel of the Lord—spake Michael;
[e] The angel of his presence, [f] great archangel,
[g] Attendant of the word, [h] his prince for Israel,
In office then, perhaps, without an equal,—
[i] Howe'er so many princes there may be,
[k] And all come of one birth originally,—
All grafts, or scions, of divinity

[a] Dan. xii. 2, &c. [b] Dan. xi. 33 to 38 incl. [c] Rev. xix. 20.
[d] Ps. xxxiv. 7. [e] Isaiah, lxiii. 9. [f] Rev. xii. 7.
[g] Dan. x. 13. [h] Dan. x. 21.
[i] Dan. x. 13. [k] Job, i. 6.

Ingrafted on the powers of the sky;
As Christ was also on humanity,—
Alone twice born, not only *once*—like they.
Then, as he shakes his sword electric high,
Its bright effulgence, streaming far and nigh,
Is only felt by those condemn'd to die;
And [a] hell is moved, to give them all a meeting;
And each new comer hail, howe'er unwilling.
But chief among the chief was then the greeting
By others like—there waiting to receive them.
  Art thou become at last, then, weak as we?
Thy pomp is brought down to the ground: and see
The worm is spread, thy worm shall cover thee.
[b] The clothes abhor that so stuck to thee once:
Yes; where is now the favour of thy minions?
How art thou fall'n from heaven, great LUCIFER!—
Art thou deceived too now,—tyrant, deceiver!
Thou, being he if e'er there was a bad one;
FALSE PROPHET, SP'RIT'AL WICKEDNESS, ABADDON.—
Hail PRINCE OF PARASITES! here company
Enough thou 'lt find, all parasites like thee:—
But none is here for MERE FORMALITY;
He must alone, or in hot corner—stay.—
And for the RED-HORSED KNIGHT,—he 's here already.—

[a] Isaiah, xiv. 9, &c. [b] Job, ix. 31.

THE MAN OF SIN is doomed awhile to witness
What most he hates,—the shape of human bliss.
So spake to these the diff'rent powers of darkness:
When straight advanced amid the desp'rate roar
Of downcast demons heard on every shore,
And woful wailings of their human friends
Gaining their due, but unexpected ends,
In every quarter echoed and re-echoed
From male to female—wretched, long and loud,—
The grand procession I would fain describe.
[a] FASCES AND LICTORS too long laid aside
In number near an hundred lead the way;
Then martial instruments in good array,
And bands of bards singing courageously
Loud praises to the King who dwells on high,
With thanks for his well foster'd deputy;
While many harpers harp the same and play,
And grand responses echo from above,—
Now is salvation come, and strength, and joy, and love:
Usurpers of the throne of God on earth
Are driven to their holds in hell beneath,
And Christ resumes the reins in Christendom
But lately severed from his father's kingdom
By th' influence of impious combination!

[a] Rev. xii. 5.

Then shone THE PERSECUTED INFANT born
As I described: (THE MOTHER knew his form.)
And [a] he with rod of iron was to rule
The nations; ruling by his Saviour's will.
Then bravely follow him the prime of nations
In number countless of all ranks and stations;
Whose alleluias loud are heard in heaven,
In earth loud praises—issuing from its throne.
Their mode of gathering is from scripture known:
'Twas not in companies; but [b] ONE BY ONE;
Though lately men thought all was to be done
By clubs, connexions, and societies,
Men could not singly be or good or wise:
But now reform is reckon'd otherwise.
The course they take I cannot well make out:
'Tis [b] from the channel to the stream of Egypt;
(Canal Tanitic, p'rhaps and Damiat,)
And, [c] opposite, the great Euphrates, kept
By Satan dry for the kings of the East;
Whose passage is assisted by the dragon:
All joining in a place called Armageddon.
But nought can stop the torrent-like procession

[a] Rev. xii. 5. [b] Isaiah, xxvii. 12. [c] Rev. xvi. 12.

Of this re-met reanimated host,
By kings and [a]judges led from every coast.
Men of all climates; of all ages—priests;
A few before the flood in skins: who witness
To one almighty Lord of all, and shew
That nature before art, oaks before temples—grew;
[b] But before all, and after to continue,
The word of God for ever bless'd and true.
[c] And righteous combatants who were dispersed
Have now their signs restored—their fate reversed;
From Tubal, Javan, Tarshish, Pul and Lud
Returning, and the isles they visited.
These having sounded forth the name of God
Bring back with them an offering of priests,
Cull'd from all parts, in litters and on beasts—
Unto the Lord, here on his holy mountain;
As to his house the seed of Israel bring
In vessel clean their free will-offering.
And I will take them for my priests, (says he:)
And as MY NEW WORLD shall your name continue,
Made kings and priests to God of humble men,—
By whose submission kings now truly reign,
Restored from demon-sway to God's again.

[a] Isaiah, i. 26. [b] 2 Pet. iii. 5, &c. [c] Isaiah, lxvi. 18, &c.

The KINGS ride not white horses but dark gray;
The troops on chestnut, black, brown muzzle and bay;
Trumpets on roan, dun, piebald—lead the way.
There follows IPHIS, there appeared AMUMON,
Brave HILARY, and just as brave an URBAN.
And not a man of Iphis' was there slain
Doing his best, and fighting like a man
For nature's God and truth, who in his rear
On trooper old reset does not appear—
There following in order of procession
By number of the rebels he had cut down;
Were it some hundred, ten, or only one:
But there; no Lucifer, nor Parasite,
Nor yet that laughing fiend, the Red-hors'd Knight.
Now heaven opens, and comes a white horse,
Who sits upon him *named* FAITHFUL AND FAIR,
RIGHTEOUS IN JUDGMENT AND IN MAKING WAR,—
With on his head a multitude of crowns,
Each nation marking that his sceptre owns
Through Christendom, and many far beyond.
A *second* name he had divinely fram'd,
Which none beside himself could understand;
Also a *third*, which was THE WORD OF GOD:
And on his vesture white distain'd with blood,

And on his thigh had finally these words,
For *fourth*, THE KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS.
Bright were his eyes, and like a flame of fire;
While * from his mouth there went a sword severe
Against the patrons of the grand deceiver.
Then came the armies that were train'd in heaven,
Riding white horses all; and with white linen,
The heavenly uniform, most white and clean.
Nor comes he with this equipage alone,
Drawn from th' attendance round his Father's throne
Express, but him and his so met surround
A martyr'd host from all the earth around
Revived, and gather'd by the Holy Ghost;
And outside these (by angels brought) an host
Of living martyrs, princes, nobles, true believers,
Kings, learned men—and no deceivers:
But most of * LITTLE ONES by far appear;
While dancing men and minstrels close the rear.
No more is to be seen in this procession;
But *over* it there moves an heavenly session:

* Rev. xix. 15, &c.

* Humble servants of the Lord, and ministers more especially.

And, made the circuit of Jerusalem,
All settles on and o'er the hill of Sion.
Then as this meeting settles on the hill,
Its body thickens, and its forces swell.
A circle 's form'd, and the best on the ground
Two striking forms immediately surround;
Which, moving forward, to the centre ride.
These are the King of Kings, and infant at his side,
With witnesses there met from earth and heaven.
The infant is install'd, and notice given
By sound of trumpet, sackbut, cornet, shawm,
And other instruments,—both loud and long;
Which that assembled host should carry home.
Then to the infant king an admonition
Sounded from him who sat on the white horse,—
To rule the world throughout, and right enforce
With rod of iron in his custody.
And that he should exact especially
From all in trust responsibility
With him—to one by whom kings rise and reign,
And mind of those cabals the demolition,
With mere formality and superstition:
Or soon (said he) I must on earth again
Appear, to supersede the rule of man.

Ask not what may be best for self or other:
It is the will of God; what would'st thou further?
And if one cause he ever deign to shew
For ordinance, another ask not thou,
Nor teach; lest *his* thou weaken by *thy* word:
As in the sabbath ordinance appear'd;
Which [a] God made gen'ral by his own dictation,
But [b] men have narrow'd by a fond addition,—
Drawing the feast of nature and creation
Into a festival for one brave nation.
And if one take the *spirit* of the day,
No wonder that more take its *place*—away,
And more again despise it utterly.
Remember thou the sceptre in thy hand;
Not for a plaything, but for high command.
Yet shall the people find thy orders lenient,
Thy dealings just, thy measures most convenient.
Much more than that he said, and warmly press'd,
By all well heard, admired and caress'd.
One heart there seems, and great, to animate
Such numbers as with one accord are met,
The triumph of the Lord to celebrate;—

[a] Gen. ii. 3. Exod. xx. 10, 11. Heb. iv. 4. [b] Deut. v. 15.

And judgment on that horrid combination,
With wicked mystery inferr'd from Sodom,
In mystic terms, that [a] WHORE OF BABYLON,
Incomparably worse than common whoredom;
With blood of martyrs too, avenged at last;
And their tormentor to tormenting cast.
Ten thousand voices sing,
The tyranny of sin
O'er all the earth is loosed, its terror passed:
Loud alleluias ring.
Rejoice, O heaven, and ye that dwell therein—
Upon this mastering of the man of sin:
While earth and sea still tremble for a time;
As waves still rise when stars begin to shine.
O Lord who dwellest between the cherubim,
Remember not what thy redeem'd have been;
Nor let it ever be by them forgotten.
[b] We loathe ourselves in our own eyes:
Do not thou loathe us, Lord, likewise.
We think upon our deeds that were not good,
Made worse by all the goodness of our God.
O Lord, have mercy upon us
According to thy goodness!

[a] Rev. xvii. 5. [b] Ezek. xx. 43.

The heavenly powers in their style gratulate
The Lord God on his throne, before him prostrate:
And from the throne around this song proceeds;
Oh praise the Lord,
Ye servants of the Lord!
Oh praise him in his deeds.
Praise him, all ye that hearken to his word:
Praise him, ye cherubim and seraphim:
Praise him, apostles, prophets, holy men;
Ye milk and honey of Jerusalem.
And [a] she 'll not say, The Lord hath me forsaken,
When seen around this presence of his children.
Oh praise the Lord,
Ye children of the Lord.
Sing praises;
Sing praises;
Oh praise ye all the God of mercy,
[b] For horse and rider thrown into the sea.
No longer objects they—of pity,
[c] The Lord in heaven shall laugh them all to scorn:
Now, fallen below his indignation,
The Lord himself shall have them in derision.

[a] Isaiah, xlix. 14. Ps. xxxiv. 7. [b] Exod. xv. 21.
[c] Ps. ii. 4.

The conquering host and its presumptuous leaders
Consign'd has he to hell—degraded victors.
The vortex of eternity
Is but a gatherer for thee:
Where empires, ages—rolling down,
[a] Are lost in thy absorbing kingdom.
THEN PRAISE WE ALL the mighty God of mercy,
For horse and rider thrown into the sea.
Praise singly great and small his power divine:
Let all so praise him. Praise him Constantine.
Alleluia!
Amen! Amen!
Alleluia! Amen.

[a] 1 Cor. xv. 28.

THE END.

G. Woodfall and Son, Printers, Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.

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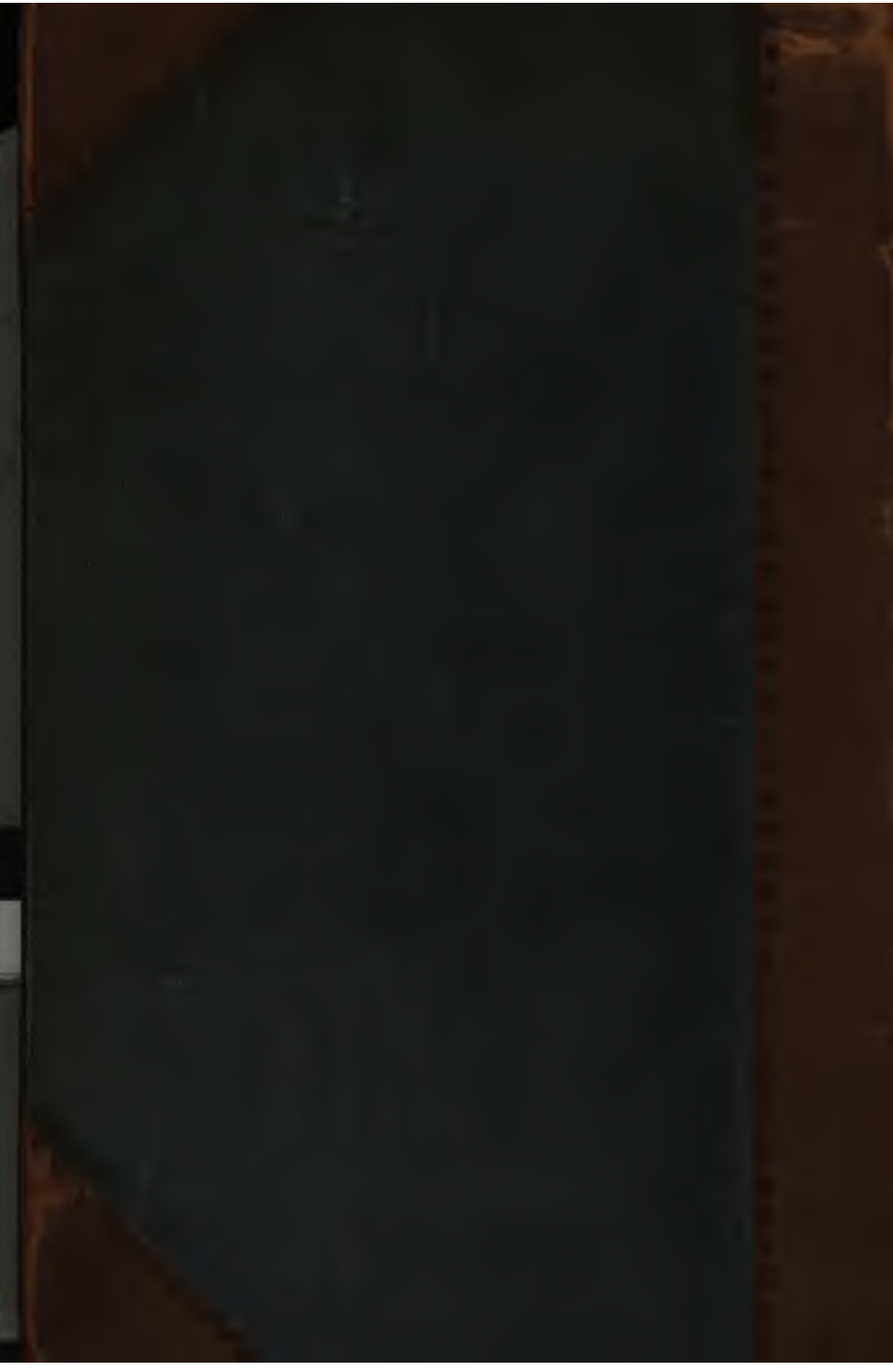
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